

NOVEMBER 1921

35¢

SHADOWLAND



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with Father Time—

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JOHN ARNOLD, in 1796, was "called to the livery" of one of history's most amazing monopolies—the Clockmakers' Company of London. For a century this guild bore royal authority to search incoming vessels for "deceitful watches"—and to destroy them on the spot!

Arnold was one of the greatest of the guild's craftsmen. Despite these high-handed methods, he and his comrades advanced enormously the art of timekeeping.

His earliest triumph was a tiny repeating watch made for George III. The entire movement measured one-third of an inch across. The Empress of Russia offered him a thousand guineas for a duplicate of it, but Arnold was not tempted. "Let it remain unique," he said.

He little dreamed that the young republic a thousand leagues to the westward would yet outshine his proudest masterpieces with those timekeeping marvels of our day—

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Captain Tick is back! His fifth picture book, "Adventures in Search of Father Time," is now ready. Ask your jeweler for your FREE copy of this beautiful new book.



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NONE TOO YOUNG TO FOREARM HER BEAUTY NONE TOO OLD TO HOLD FAST TO BEAUTY NONE TOO LATE TO BUILD UP HER BEAUTY

Royalty as a political symbol has lost some of its glory lately. The royal ladies at the Courts of Europe, however, still wield the puissant sceptre of Beauty. Madame Rubinstein is still purveyor to them of her marvel-working unguents and lotions and treatments; to them, and—since the suffrage amendment has bestowed sovereignty on American women in their own right,—to American royalty as well.

Madame Rubinstein has just returned from Europe and has brought with her a number of new treatments, foundation creams, lotions and powders of subtle and marvelously becoming tints. Mellow flesh shades, suggesting the ivory complexions of the Far East, are among them, as well as delicate coral and rich fruit-hues for cheeks and lips.

Through the whole fabric of Mme. Rubinstein's beauty-work, like a golden thread, like a musical leitmotif, runs

VALAZE BEAUTIFYING SKINFOND

a truly talismanic product that keeps both the skin and complexion in the very pink of condition, summer, winter, and all the time,—and showers upon it freshness, charm and beauty. The very existence of an attractive complexion depends upon it, because Valaze Beautifying Skinfond makes the skin daintily intolerant of tell-tale lines, roughness, freckles or weather-beaten appearance. Selling at \$1.25, \$2.50 and \$7.00 a pot, it is the highest-priced preparation of the kind in America and Europe. There is generally a very good reason for all things, and there is an exceptionally good one for this, since an ounce of Valaze Beautifying Skinfond is worth pounds of indiscriminate, unproven "beauty-doctoring."

THE WINTER'S GRIP

will soon be upon us, and the face, as usual, will bear the brunt of its severity. People find it natural to make provision for their hands and feet and bodies, to keep them warm, in comfort, and free from harm. The face is the only part of the physique which



VALAZE ROUGE EN CREME! A superb unguent rouge. Coaxed gently into the skin with the finger tips it reproduces just the shade desired to appear most natural. Does not streak and stays on indefinitely. Prepared by Mme. Rubinstein Paris Laboratories. Very handy—very economical in use. Price \$2.00, \$3.50 and \$5.00.

tints, including coral and mandarin. For blotches, blemishes, olive or very complexions, \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.50, \$7.50.

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VALAZE REDUCING JELLY: \$1.50, \$3.00, and **VALAZE REDUCING SOAP,** \$1.25, are two most effective preparations to contract a double chin as well as to remove superfluous tissue on the face, hips and body.

VALAZE FRECKLES CREAM, a preparation of extra strength to obliterate even obstinate freckles, blemishes, and to clear the skin of the face, arms and the hands. \$1.50, \$2.50 and \$5.00.

VALAZE BEAUTY GRAINS. A sensational skin rejuvenator, and skin impurities from the skin-boards, for daily use, by washing in place of soap. Keeps the skin creamy white, refines its texture and prevents coarseness and oiliness of the pores and cures against blackheads and their impurities of the skin. \$1.25, \$2.50 and \$5.00. For men, women and children.

must be presented to the world unclad. Shall it also remain unprotected, to the accompaniment of drabness, harshness and redness of the skin? To avert this, Mme. Rubinstein recommends the following specialties: First of all as a stimulant and rectifier, generally and all the time, Valaze Beautifying Skinfond, already mentioned and priced. Then Valaze Cleansing and Massage Cream to be used whenever one returns from outdoors: Valaze Special Skin-toning Lotion, as a soothing, emollient face-wash; Valaze Baume Rose, as a protective, to be applied before leaving the house, and Novena Poudre. The prices of these important preparations will be found below.

The various Salons established by Mme. Rubinstein in this country and abroad, known as *Salons de Beaute Valaze*, which one of her grateful clients so picturesquely termed

THE GATEWAYS TO BEAUTY-LAND

are always open to her clients for the application of exclusive beauty treatments, whose purpose it is to keep the skin clear and supple, when natural or other influences have roughened and mottled it. To unpucker and smooth out lines, to get rid of freckles, sallowness and muddiness. To bring back the inexpressible charm of the perfect face-oval. To suppress crows feet. To bring back to normal size and function large, distended pores. To remove blackheads and oiliness of the skin as well as the condition that causes them. To make thoughtful provision against the impairment of the skin of young women and girls, and to direct scientifically the course of home treatments in order to keep the skin and complexion free from troubles which are chiefly due to slipshod, haphazard and unintelligent experimentation.

Below will be found an assortment of face-beautifying preparations and minor beauty-aids, for every blemish, for every danger that threatens the complexion, for every risk it runs—for young women and girls, for the matron as well as for women of more advanced years.

VALAZE BLACKHEAD & OPEN PORE PASTE: For dry skin. It not only an excellent foundation for powder, but is unequalled also for its soothing qualities and its manner of overcoming disagreeable skin-irritations. \$1.50, \$3.00 and \$5.00.

VALAZE BAUME ROSE is a rare skin restorative balm, preventing all injury to the skin from strong air or winds, in summer as well as in winter, and safeguards against discoloration. \$1.75, \$3.50 and \$6.00.

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VALAZE BEAUTY FOUNDATION CREAM, is also a day cream, but for oily skins. Thoroughly applied, it produces that "mat" tone which is accounted so attractive. \$1.40, \$2.80, \$3.50 and \$5.00.

VALAZE BAUME VERT, a delightful French balm, recommended for sportsmen, motorists, and others, when the skin becomes tender and harsh after exposure to cold, excessive heat, or strong sun and mountain air, and also constitutes a splendid foundation for Mme. Rubinstein's famous powders (Baume Lotion, and for perfume). Price \$1.75, \$3.50 and \$6.00.

ANTHOSOL. A luxurious cream which originated in the wonderful period of the French Empire. If the skin shows its sensitivity, particularly around the nose and mouth, Anthosol will nourish it back to its normal, smoothness.

VALAZE BAUME BLANC, remedies spots, rashes, seborrhea and allays irritation. Price \$1.75, \$3.50 and \$6.00.

VALAZE EYELASH GROWER stops falling eyelashes and eyebrows; promotes growth. Price \$1.00 and \$2.00.

Madame Rubinstein will gladly answer all letters of enquiry and will forward interesting literature on request accompanied by postage. When ordering goods kindly include war tax of 4 cents on each dollar and pro rata.

Madame Rubinstein

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VOLUME V

Expressing the Arts SHADOWLAND

The Magazine of Magazines

NOVEMBER, 1921

Important Features in this Issue:

- HOLLYWOOD: Its Morals and Manners** *Theodore Dreiser*
The famous American novelist investigates the movie capital and presents his startling conclusions
- GEORGE RUSSELL, "A. E."** *Frank Harris*
Another of Mr. Harris' superb contemporary portraits, this dealing with the famous Irish writer
- URBAN, OF THE OPERA, "THE FOLLIES," AND THE FILMS.** *Oliver M. Sayler*
An interesting discussion of a man who has contributed much to the American theater and screen
- CARL SANDBURG.** *Babette Deutsch*
An absorbing discussion of a remarkable man of American poetry and "the voice of our Middle West"
- THE TRAGIC COMEDIAN.** *Frederick James Smith*
A vivid interview study of Charlie Chaplin
- STENDHAL: Geometrical Don Juan.** *Benjamin de Casseres*
Whose books, luminous dramas of his emotional life, were dedicated to the unknown
- PRESTON DICKINSON.** *Thomas Jewell Craven*
A young artist who is a vital force in American art
- THE LAND OF THE DISAPPEARING BED.** *Herbert Howe*
A humorous account of the Western film capital, Hollywood, and its condensed home life
- THE LADIES OF THE CAMÉLIAS.** *Archie Bell*
Something of the Camille who actually lived and of the actresses who have played her
- Interviews with interesting people of the Stage and Screen, and Departments devoted to Fashion and Beauty



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OUR COLOR PLATES:



Colleen Moore

Norman Jacobsen's Poster of the Young and
Interesting Film Star



Joseph Urban

Reproductions of Two of Mr. Urban's Designs
for Stage Settings, Characteristic and
Colorful



Dorothy Phillips

An Attractive Study in Colors of the
Appealing Cinema Luminary



Preston Dickinson

Reproductions of Two Examples of
Mr. Dickinson's Art



AN ORIGINAL POSTER
BY NORMAN JACOBSEN

Colleen Moore



On this page are reproduced two interesting examples of stage designs by Joseph Urban for the current "Ziegfeld Follies." One is his "The Temple of Colours," shown below. At the left is his Harem Setting

Trained as an architect in Vienna and represented in that profession by one of the big bridges across the Neva at Petrograd, Joseph Urban was early attracted to the theater. He came to America nearly a decade ago to design the scenery for the Boston Opera Company and has been a vigorous influence in stagecraft here ever since





Painted from photograph by Evans, L. A.

Dorothy Phillips



Preston Dickinson is one of the youngest representatives of the disturbing plastic revival in America and also one of the most talented. He is a characteristic example of the vigorous spirit that infuses the art of the present

Above is an interesting example of Mr. Dickinson's style, "Landscape." Below is another distinctive canvas, "House Forms and Landscape"



Preston Dickinson

By Thomas Jewell Craven

WITH little encouragement from the critics and less from the general public, the modern movement in American painting has, in the space of ten years, grown remarkably. One by one, the foes of living work have been forced into silence—in most cases, these objectors have been men steeped in the security of dead traditions and incapable of understanding the rapid march of artistic events; and that popular skepticism, which always accompanies new ideas, has gradually given way to a reassuring tolerance. Only a short time ago it was said that the re-



Photograph by Nicholas Ananay

Preston Dickinson's art is high strung and brilliant. His most sober studies bear evidence of his close contact with American life, and are stamped with nervous energy. Critics who have said that modern art is an isolated development, and that no one cares to live with it, are referred to Mr. Dickinson. Above, a recent portrait of Mr. Dickinson, and left, his "High Bridge," a drawing loaned by the Daniel Gallery, New York, which also loaned the canvases reproduced on the opposite page

cent developments were the outcome of insidious foreign influences, propaganda cunningly put forward to deceive the rich American buyers. When that ridiculous fancy was corrected, the critics launched a different attack: the monstrous pictures of the radical schools were the productions of pseudo-artists who had never learned to draw. And the people laughed and were convinced, until it was discovered that the modernists, practically without exception, had been rigorously trained in the established academies, and finding no vitality in the old methods, were striving for a new means to a creative end. The opponents remained implacable; they conceded sincerity and ability, but they came back with a supposedly unanswerable argument—our younger painters were out of joint with their environment and were following tendencies which had no connection whatever with contemporary life.

It would not be difficult to expose the falsity of this opinion. Like the life of today, the new art has unfolded swiftly and has raced on, we might almost say, with uncanny haste to an early maturity. Every exhibition reveals an impetuous

(Continued on page 68)



"The Music Box"
Señorita

Special Photographs for SHADOWLAND
by Abbe

One of the stars of Irving Berlin's new "Music Box" Revue is piquant little Mlle. Marguerite, whose vivacious Spanish dancing with Frank Gill last season was one of the hits of the musical comedy, "Honeydew"



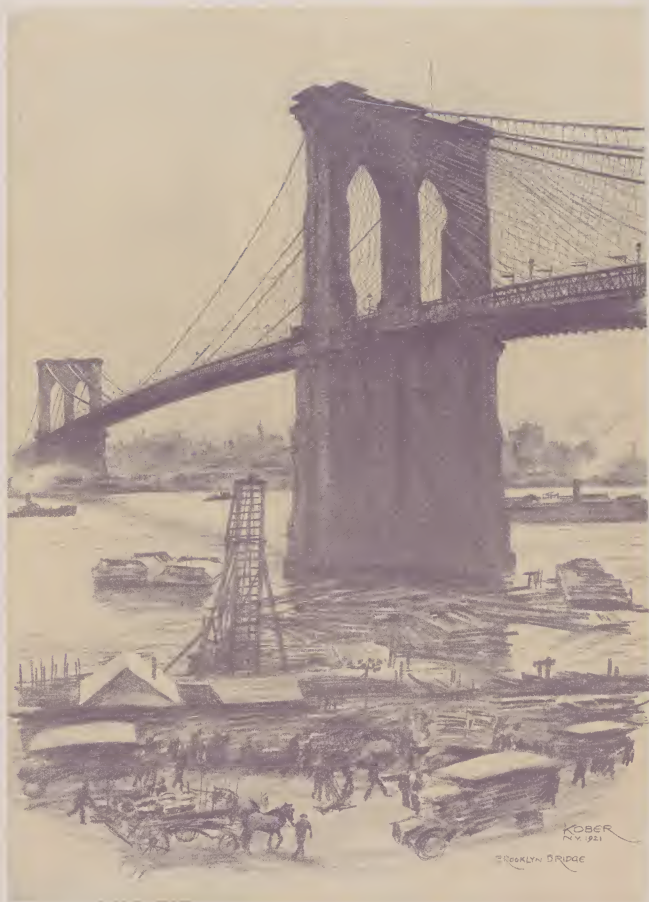
Fire and verve mark Mlle. Marguerite's dancing, which has all the sparkle and lure of Andalusian terpsichore at its best. Little Mlle. Marguerite is the most personable of our Spanish dancing visitors



The City of Beautiful Lines

Leo Kober, the Hungarian artist, seems to have unique skill in catching the atmosphere of New York and its elusive—but ever-present—beauty. Kober, who is of Hungarian origin, who lived for years in Paris, drawing for "Le Matin" and "Le Rive" and whose designs won the gold medal in Paris, has here reproduced three varying aspects of Manhattan. At the top is a study close to Columbus Circle, and at the right is a glimpse of the heart of the theater district thro Longacre Square



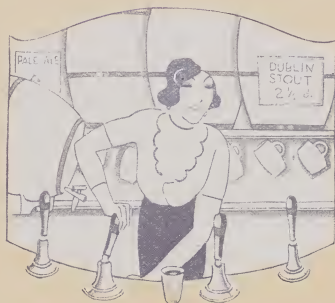


Leo Kober's style is admirably brought out in this study of Brooklyn Bridge. Here, indeed, is a "document artistic" of New York



Liza can certainly put them away. And she always uses the Ladies' Entrance of the pub. "Andsome is as 'andsome does," she says, "and I can alhys be a lidy. And, besides, 'a drop in time saves nine'"

Take a slant at Foo Ling's brown derby. He's earned it. "Felly nice countly. Not muchee work. Plenty fan-tan. Yes, me Blitish now. No more China fellowe." A few more whiffs of hashish, and he'll think he's the Prince of Wales



Maisie's a bear at the beer pumps. "W o'll yer 'acc, sir? 'All 'n' 'alf? Roight, Lad tried ter get gay rite me last night an' I let 'im 'ave one. I know me plice, I do." So Wyn had a feeling that he'd better know his place



Mahbub Ali is disconsolate. The charms of India are not to be found on East India Wharf. He cheered up a bit when he saw Wyn, thinking him a fellow-countryman, and saluted profoundly. Wyn says that's a salutation that requires great balancing ability



Britannia rules the waves. At least, that's what Gunner Hawkins thinks. The Gunner's the pride of the fo'c'sle. Later in the evening he'll tell you that he won the Battle of Jutland all by himself

Wynn in Limehouse



Gracie is the pride of Poplar Street and the cashier at a Limehouse movie. She gets two quid a week and spends more than that on clothes. "Ain't a bloomin' duchess in Mayfair as can learn me 'ov ter dress"



Near Limehouse Causeway. Here is an alley right out of "Limehouse Nights." The Bobby on this beat has a job that we don't envy. His chief qualification seems to be an ability to know when to look the other way. We'd much rather be Vice-President of the United States, even with prohibition

"Coppers' nark, that un," is what they call him. But not much above a whisper, for Nobby packs a wicked swing, and would just as soon bath a fellow as eat. Nobby's a fancy bloke with the gels. He seems to have a pleasant understanding with Gracie, who has come to the wharf to meet him





PAGAN

Photographic Study by Ichiro E. Hori

A Flapper With a Philosophy

By Gladys Hall

THE precise and exact definition of the term flapper is not mine. I have never consulted an Abridged or an Unabridged. I have only consulted F. Scott Fitzgerald and "Nice People," and from both I bring to this writing a somewhat vague conclusion. Naturally, if you have seen "Nice People" and the charming exactitude with which Francine Larrimore fits into the rôle, you will understand why I give her the same comparative classification she is more or less given in the play.

In the first act, she is a "flapper." She has all the flapper characteristics. She acts, speaks and dresses like a flapper. But that she doesn't *think* like a flapper is obvious. Her loyalty to the man she thinks she is in love with, her ardent decisiveness, her detached abstractions, all indicate a mind and a heart slowly formulating a philosophy deeper and better and truer than her environment could ever have given rise to.

When I went back-stage after the performance, I found Miss Larrimore much as I had found her over the footlights.

The same husky voice which, by the way, even as George Jean Nathan, I find charming. It may be rough, but ah, it is *real*! One is for the nonce unaware that one is listening to lines written by a playwright and mouthed, more or less convincingly, by a player. The words, the sentences, the phrases come out with the spontaneous lack of premeditation with which, off stage, we think and speak.

Even as her voice is, is Miss Larrimore. Real!

Her dressing-room when, pencil behind my ear, I invaded it, was full of Young Relations. Very Young Relations, ranging from about five to eleven . . . in years. They were nieces. And they were earnestly voicing their criticisms and their approbations of her play, her performance and the attitude of the audience which, from their aerie of the balcony box, they had been observing, the better to report. Francine, all attention and very courteous to their comment, was winking delightedly, but gravely, at me. "I like this better than 'Scandal,'" said the Five-Year Old Niece.

"Why, dear?" asked Tante Francine.

"It has more to it," said the mite solemnly, "and you are on the stage more."

"Oh," said Francine, "it gives you more to think about. I take it."

"Yes, Tante," said the very small niece.

"They are the chiefest of my critics," said Francine, to me. "I abide by their decision when I can and, when I do, I am sure to be quite right."

"What," said I, "is your criticism, if any, of the rôle you play in 'Nice People'? Do you think the philosophy true to life?"

"Oh, yes," said Francine, with her swift, earnest way of speaking, "if I didn't I wouldn't play it . . ."

It is, by way of extemporaneous digression, hard to pay strict attention to what Francine says, or to care very much whether she says anything at all, when you are at a close range of vision and the eye is intrigued by a study in scarlet and black. Consider Francine donning a frock



Photograph by Maurice Goldberg

of slender black and then, with white and skilful hands arranging her masses of scarlet hair, pulling over it, as a dénouement, a small and dashing toque, also of black. I should have been an artist wielding palette and brush rather than an interviewer wielding a pencil and questions. Francine is not conventionally beautiful, but she is the most unconventionally beautiful person I can remember . . . and that, like most unconventional things, is irresistible.

"You think," I pursued, "that a girl in real life would have come 'round just as the girl in 'Nice People' does?"

"Given the same circumstances, yes," said Francine, "which means, of course, given the same man. That girl had brains and most, not all, but most of the girls who handle life as she did, not wisely but, in her silly way, rather well, rather expertly, most of them have a certain amount of intelligence and heart, and even soul, awaiting the developing touch."

"Some of them never find it, and then there is the tragedy of the petty. But then again, some of them do . . . as she did. All she really wanted was reality and all her trouble was a lack of ability to find it. You see, she hadn't been trained to realities. She hadn't been trained to anything save indulgence. She hadn't known the meaning of work, or the wisdom. Youth resents what it doesn't discover for itself. The girl's aunt couldn't help her because, as I have said, the girl had to find it in her own heart . . . and Billy brought it to her. He had the key."

"I think it's a helpful play . . ." I said, "it might, just might, you know, suggest the key to some few girls who were not finding it otherwise."

(Continued on page 77)



Photograph by Francis Bruguiere

BIRD MILLMAN

The pretty and vivacious Belle of the Tight Wire is this season a Feature of the New "Greenwich Village Follies"

Virginia Bell

Special Photographs
by
Holmes Mettee, Baltimore



Virginia Bell has been pictured in SHADOWLAND in numerous poses. She is a vivid and interesting dancer, first attracting New York's attention on the New Amsterdam Roof in the Ziegfeld "Midnight Frolic"



Tol'able Dick

Special Photographs
by Abbe

Richard Barthelmess has just filmed Joseph Hergeheimer's story of the gauky West Virginia mountain boy, "Tol'able David." Remember the youth who longed to drive the Crabapple stage, and always said he was "just tol'able"? Barthelmess should be an ideal David. Gladys Hulette plays the mountain girl and the apple of David's eye





Abbe has caught another glimpse of the mountaineer daughter of "To'able David" as played by Miss Hulette



Photograph by Abbe

JEAN BARRETT

One of the Pretty Principals of the Revue, "The Broadway Whirl"

Dulcy and Lynn Fontanne

By Benjamin de Casseres

IF Lynn Fontanne, who became the talk of the town overnight as Dulcy, in the Kaufman-Connelly play by the same name, has not something very near to creative genius, then I do not know stage genius.

For Miss Fontanne does not act Dulcy; she creates her. She has not learned a rôle; she has divined a character. By getting under the skin of herself, she gets under the skin of the audience. She has put one of her own "complexes" (using the Freudian jargon) on the stage. Her Dulcy is a tremendously vivid and vital creation.

"Are you a Dulcy?" I asked Miss Fontanne in her dressing-room, just as she came off the stage after the last act of a Saturday matinee.

She laughed. Revelation! It was exactly the same laugh—unforgettable for

days after you hear it—that for two hours and a half had just caused me to giggle, titter and smile while she was on the stage making and unmaking trouble with her meddlesome ways and her moon-struck romanticism.

It is a laugh that comes straight out of her being—curling, gurgling, explosive, ricocheting. It fills space like air made musical. It leaps, bounds and infects. The lights in the dressing-room laughed; the bricks on the stage wall laughed. I laughed idiotically.

"Am I Dulcy?" she asked back. "Why, we are all Dulcys. Dulcy is human nature. She is a caricature of our stupidities. We are all meddlers—we women especially. We are all romantic. We are all bromides."

"My audiences laugh at Dulcy. They are, of course, laughing at themselves in a concave mirror."

"Exaggeration is the highest form of truth. How many of us in real life know the busy, well-meaning chatter-box of a girl who hasn't an original idea in her head, or an original word or expression in her vocabulary, but who, nevertheless, persists in chattering her life away and talking what is commonly referred to as 'bromides'? Generally, such a girl has supreme confidence in her ability as an entertainer and tries to hold the center of the stage on every occasion."

"Also her chatter inevitably gets her into trouble, for she is sure to be a gossip, and having nothing original to



Photograph © by Roy Huff, Chicago

LYNN FONTANNE

talk about, she is bound to discuss the secrets and faults of others. If she has a husband, she cannot resist from meddling in his business affairs, and, of course, the poor chap is absolutely helpless, because the girl is always the most well-meaning person on earth and he naturally adores her. She just has an unfortunate faculty for 'spilling the beans' on all occasions.

"That's the sort of girl I make out of Dulcy, and those who have seen the play, I am sure, have recognized her, because I have met her in person, time and time again. I have sat directly in front of her in movies and plays, and she has driven me almost crazy with her chatter. I have met her in homes where I have visited, and she has driven me wild with her well-meaning efforts to keep me entertained. Neverthe-

less, she is a living, breathing reality, and I am delighted with the opportunity of creating the part for the stage.

"But, of course, everyone says, 'I am not like that.' Which shows the fundamental snobbery of the human race. Everyone is a snob on some subject. We are a 'holier than thou'—each one of us. It is the mask we wear over ourselves to prevent our fake selves from seeing the fundamental realities of our own natures."

"I love the rôle of Dulcy, because I instantly saw the possibility of creating, thru a characterization, an epitome of some universal feminine weakness—and some male weaknesses, too. Mr. Fix-It is a universal male type. Dulcy is Mrs. Fix It."

"A young woman said to me the other night at a reception, 'I know so many Dulcys.' Of course, she did not know that she herself was a perfect type of Dulcy. The dear little snob!"

Here Miss Fontanne gave another of those laughs, which this time was like a flag slowly unfurling in a blast.

She looked at me with that clear, frank English look which is apt to throw a cowed, law-bitten, interned American like me off my feet. I did tremble a little.

"Do you know you are the first person that ever interviewed me without pen and paper in your hand. How can you remember all I say?"

(Continued on page 77)



The New "Village Follies"

Special Photographs
for SHADOWLAND
by Abbe

At the right Valodia Vestoff and Margaret Petit in the beautiful "Snowflake" number of the new "Village Follies," marked this season by the usual beauty and color of ensemble. The "Snowflake" interlude is one of the most attractive moments of the revue. Top, Al Herman, the blackface comedian, and Addie Rolfe, in a humorous scene





*"The Village Follies" satirizes the Blue Law movement,
with Florence Normand as a piquant Art*



ROSALIND FULLER

*One of the Attractive Personalities of the new
"Greenwich Village Follies"*

Photograph by Francis Bruguiere



Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser

JACQUELINE LOGAN

*Who recently deserted New York revues for the
Motion Picture Screen*



FACES

Camera Study by E. O. Hoppe of London

Plus Poetry

Special Studies by Kenneth
Alexander



Eva Le Gallienne is the daughter of the poet, Richard Le Gallienne. Small wonder, then, that she invests her stage work with a touch of poetry. Her latest contribution, her Julie in "Lilium," is prophetic of a splendid future. Indeed, her playing of the Molnar heroine is a fine bit of work—imaginative and carefully wrought



Photograph by Abbe

ALBERTINA VITAK

*Featured Danseuse in the new Hippodrome
Revue, "Get Together"*



ALTA KING

One of the Ziegfeld beauties
Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston

SHADOWLAND



Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston

FLORENCE O'DENISHAWN

Now a Dancing Feature of the "1921 Ziegfeld Follies"

George Russell: "A. E."

By Frank Harris

[This is the sixth of Frank Harris' new series of contemporary portraits, appearing each month in SHADOWLAND. Mr. Harris will have D. H. Lawrence as his subject next month.]

THE difference between a newspaper reputation and a real reputation always interests and amuses me. It would be difficult to exemplify what I mean better than by a comparison between George Moore, whose portrait I recently did for SHADOWLAND, and George Russell, whom I wish to handle now.

Moore, like Bernard Shaw, left Ireland very early and both were established in London by the time they were five and twenty, and have only left it since for short visits to Ireland or the Continent. Both of them have done whatever they could from the beginning to advertise themselves, never missing an opportunity of calling attention to their own performances or the value of their judgment. George Moore, in fact, used to say boldly that he preferred a contemptuous or ironical criticism of one of his books to a favorable one. "A slating criticism," he used to argue, "will make people read me, make 'em talk about me, which is the main thing; a favorable criticism disgusts, even one's friends."

George Russell, on the other hand, has spent his whole life in Ireland and has avoided rather than courted publicity, and yet more and more, as Shaw and others of us proclaim, he has come to be one of the best influences of the time, and is one of the best of living writers.

He is the second son of Thomas Elias Russell and was born at Lurgan, County Armagh, on April 10, 1867. He married in 1888 or 1889 and has two sons. His wife also is a writer and has very considerable imaginative talent. She has published a charming book about the boyhood of Finn, illustrated by Beatrice Elvery.

Russell, himself, in maturity has often been sketched by both Moore and Shaw, but we may add another portrait.

He is over six feet one in height, very broad, a fine figure of

a man, tho not physically very strong; with a Vandylke brown beard that he wears rather long, and hair a lighter brown, very fine and wavy, not grey as yet; eyes long and grey-blue, with bushy eyebrows; kind eyes a woman would say, pleasant welcoming eyes; high cheek bones, excellently modeled brow and head. He takes a very large size in hats; but what strikes you about his head is not so much the size as the delicacy of the molding. The same fineness is shown in the hands; tho strong and skilful, they are not large. He uses them freely in gestures when talking.

His habits are very simple. He eats anything that is put before him, but very sparingly; he drinks no wine, spirits nor beer. He doesn't bother about dress, but everyone, who is anyone, is glad to know him, glad to have held his hand.

He is human and believes in human kind. Loves to talk and to listen. Smokes all the time, and when he is not smoking, is striking matches. He is a big, very simple man, with a subtle, broad and tolerant mind.

In business, curiously enough, he is most efficient; a very quick and thoro worker and never owes anybody a penny. "His talk," says one of his admirers, "is altogether delightful; always clear and at its best, eloquent beyond imagining. The thing we all revere in him is his wonderful understanding of art and literature."

In all this he is a contrast to George Moore, who has no center of his own from which to judge these matters. Russell knows what is good in art, as in letters, by some special sense, and even the oscillating Moore felt this instinctive surety and did it reverence.

Now what has Russell done of the best? He has written a good deal of prose and poetry and both have the merit of distinction. His prose is very simple, very clear and nearly always has an appeal to the soul in it, and so we find that phrases of his linger in the memory as few phrases of modern prose do linger. Yet he is not an essayist so much as a moralist or nationalist: all his prose really is dedicated (Cont'd on page 73)



Photograph © by E. O. Hoppe, London

RICHARD STRAUSS

Who will conduct in America this season



DORIS NILES

*A new Photograph of the Dancer by
Maurice Goldberg*

Hollywood: Its Morals and Manners

1. The Struggle on the Threshold of Motion Pictures

By Theodore Dreiser

THERE is, first of all, the matter of personal equipment or fitness for the work in hand. But, when you say that, you say something which instantaneously and automatically, as it were, rules out thousands, and hundreds of thousands even, who might like to shine in "pictures" and who may have some slight equipment or technique, not only physically but mentally, but who are very, very far from having enough. Asymmetry in the matter of any of the features, however slight; an unsatisfactory poise or walk, even where youth and beauty to a no-inconsiderable degree is granted—brains and tact and charm included—and the deal is off. The beginner must screen and screen well, or there is no hope. Yet after you have disposed, thus easily, of those millions who might hope to do a little something, tho not much, there come the thousands, and tens of thousands even, who, qualifying in part, might hope to do a little something, tho they never will because of the immense and grueling competition and the distressing and discouraging exactions of the game itself. It is true that not a few of these do breast the tumbling stream for a time. But finding the current a little, or rather very much rough, and so nothing to their taste, they make for the shore and climb out before it is too late.

Next, out of all the thousands and thousands who come and go within a given period (one to three years disposes of the most of them), there are actual thousands who have a certain definite capacity for the work and who, had they but the means and the courage to persevere, plus, always, beauty and tact, might come to something if, in addition, and there, certainly, is the rub, they had a little luck. For here, as elsewhere, where the great prizes are handed out, it is not always extreme fitness but *luck* that turns the tide. Someone who *can* do something for you at a decisive moment does it. Or, he or she, for some inexplicable reason, decides not to do it. There, fairest reader, is the whole thing in a nutshell. And you may ponder over it from now until the millennium, but you will not solve it. There is a destiny that shapes our ends. The more you delve into the reasons for the successful outcome of certain ventures in this as in other realms, the more certain you will become that fate or luck—Kismet—certainly had something to do with it.

Yet, waiving all this as of no especial import in the present discussion, there confronts the beginner today a keen and grilling competition such as those who entered upon the work ten or twelve years ago knew nothing of. According to some of the cynical directors who flourish in the vicinity of the larger studios, Kansas, Texas, Iowa, Nebraska and Missouri actually maintain schools and colleges wherein the essentials of screen technique are taught so that no time may be lost between stellar aspirations and stellar honors. After six months or a year of

study, the graduate is handed a handsome diploma, armed with which he or she need only present him or herself to the nearest director of note in filmland, and the thing is done. Fame and fortune. And then, of course, comes the chilling eye of the casting director, or rather, his second or third assistant, peering out from behind the little grey "courtesy window" in the little grey outer office where people are told that no one is wanted or expected and that no one can be seen, here. Comes the pathetic discovery that said diplomas are worthless. Also cast-down thoughts, bustlings about to find anything at all that one may be permitted to do. Then letters home when one's funds become low. And eventually, in so many cases, the long trek back to the unwelcome if welcoming precincts of the Middle West, or New England, or the South or North. Even Europe yields aspirants who eventually go back.

But this is a mere hint as to the fate of so many who come and try, or have in the past. For during the past year, and in spite of the nineteen thousand moving picture theaters now in existence or building in the United States alone, there has been a decided slump in aspirants as well as in working or successful screen personalities. The sixty or more studios in Los Angeles and its outlying suburbs, once so vivid and sibilant with cars, extras, directors, assistant-directors and what not, are now as silent as so many factories in time of panic. The good or bad word, all along the line, is "nothing doing." In one place you will hear that it is those cheaply made German pictures that are to blame—pictures for acting in which the most vital stars are never paid more than forty dollars a week, in marks, of course, which same may mean something like five or six thousand marks, if one can believe the discount rate. Or, it is due to a group of swollen and heavy pursed bankers in New York who, seeing how money was being wasted in the movies and how unimportant directors and the most commonplace of stars built houses costing one hundred and fifty thousand dollars and more out of the proceeds of one picture, have withdrawn all support until they can get a square deal in this matter and until a larger proportion of these very fat proceeds are handed over to them. Or lastly you may hear that it is our old friend, over-production. The "can" rooms of the principal distributing offices in New York and elsewhere are packed to overflowing with "canned" or completed films made in these same recent bonanza days. And until these are used up, and at a

better price, too, there will be no more picture-making anywhere. Well, take your choice. As for me, I vote that we blame the poor Hun. He's used to it, by now. But whether we do or not, there are the studios and they are as empty and silent as rat traps after they have recently been emptied. Those horrible Teutons.

Yet, apart from such crash accidents of economic (Continued on page 61)

THE MAN DREISER

Theodore Dreiser, who is rated as the foremost representative of American letters by many critics, is now in Hollywood, California, the Western center of motion picture making. He has been there for some time, investigating conditions. His articles for SHADOWLAND will represent his personal conclusions.

Mr. Dreiser is a writer of fearless vigor and unswerving realism. His "Sister Carrie," his "The Titan," and his "Jennie Gerhardt" represent high points in American literature. The same unrelenting truth which marked these novels will make his series of motion picture articles of supreme interest.



AUTUMN WINDS

Camera study © by E. O. Hoppe, London

Urban, of the Opera, the "Follies," and the Films

By Oliver M. Saylor

WHEN Joseph Urban came to America from Vienna and Paris nearly a decade ago to design the scenery for the Boston Opera Company, our newspapers and magazines waited upon every word of his hesitant and naive but expressive English and devoted columns and pages to the theories of a new theater for which he stood and to his novel and interesting methods of work. Later, when he came to New York on summons from George Tyler and F. Ziegfeld, jr., and began work on the annual "Follies" and on productions for the Metropolitan Opera House, the tide of publicity again flowed full. We Americans, however, are fickle people and we do not always follow up the reputations we create after the first curiosity has been satisfied. The result of this characteristic has been that in recent seasons we have put Urban up on the shelf as a kind of respected tradition and have suffered him to go into eclipse behind the younger and newly discovered designers who have claimed our inconstant attention.

With the thought that it was time to find out what this artist, so closely bound up with the genesis of our new theater, thinks of its progress and how he looks upon his own labors in its service, I sought him recently in his home

high above the Hudson at Yonkers. Reticent and self-effacing to a degree wholly un-American, altho he has become one of us enthusiastically by naturalization, and absorbed in his manifold duties with a thoroughness which shames the average American, who thinks he is busy and efficient, he was not to be drawn out at a single sitting. But little by little the fabric of impression and of prophecy pieced itself together until it is possible to redeem from eclipse Joseph Urban, of the Opera, the "Follies," and the Films, and tell what he thinks of these triple spheres of his activities.

Trained as architect in Vienna and represented in that profession by one of the mammoth bridges across the Neva in Petrograd among many imposing structures in Europe, Urban was attracted to the theater. He helped to design the settings of "The Blue Bird" in Paris, as well as those of many operas; met Henry Russell of the Boston Op-

era, thru the friendly intervention of Maeterlinck, and came at Russell's behest to the United States. His first commissions in this country, therefore, were operatic, and ever since his removal to New York he has kept his hand in that channel of expression at the Metropolitan. And so I asked him, first of all, how he felt toward his associations there and what prospects he foresaw for bringing our chief home of grand opera and its stage equipment really abreast of the times.

"I cherish a deeper affection for my work at the Metropolitan," he said, "than for anything else I have ever done for the theater. I believe that every necessary change and all the newer expedients and methods of stage production can be introduced there, but only very gradually. The more modern art will overcome the old traditions there with extreme deliberateness. But changes are being made each year and they will continue to be introduced, and as they are effected they grow into something solid and permanent. Other theaters may be more interested in experiments and more eager and ready to accept them, but in too many such cases experiments come and go. At the Metropolitan, when any modern improvement has been accepted, it has come to stay."

"I am looking forward eagerly," he went on, "to the work I shall do at the Metropolitan next season. Mozart's 'Così fan tutte' arouses my interest and imagination most of all. Then there is 'Le Roi d'Ys,' which is new, and 'Hernani,' a revival but never produced at the Metropolitan. And I am to do a new setting for 'La Traviata.'"

Urban's connection with the Ziegfeld "Follies" has been a moot point among his friends and the critics ever since he accepted his first commission to design the settings for the 1915 series. Some of his warmest admirers have secretly or openly felt that he belittled himself and made light of the theater as a serious art by devoting his time and imagination to such frivolities. But Urban himself does not agree with that viewpoint. I remember vividly how he came out to Indianapolis in the spring of 1915 to inspect the "Follies" on tour and size up the task ahead of him.

(Cont'd on page 72)



Photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe

GRACE MOORE
Prima donna of Ned Wayburn's revue,
"Town Gossip"



SESSUE HAYAKAWA

Study by Ichiro E. Hori

Carl Sandburg

By Babette Deutsch

[Babette Deutsch is writing of the representative American poets for SHADOWLAND. Carl Sandburg is the subject of Miss Deutsch's first article of the series.]

CARL SANDBURG'S face—steel-grey hair and eyes, his hair falling loosely over his brow, a broad mouth, a cleft chin, the lines strongly chiseled—a loose grey tie, a loose rough suit hanging on his powerful body. Carl Sandburg's hands—square, heavily veined, with a warm, strong grip, and a way of calling folk melodies out of polished ivory keys. Carl Sandburg's voice—mellow, drawing a little, slow to speech, quick with the idiom of the street and the farm, the saloon and the cornland, filed to a keen irony, softened to croon a ballad of blood and beauty.

There are few poets who are so obviously the singers of their own songs. Here the music and the man are one, knit together, expressing the same tenderness and pity, the same scorn and stringency, the same generous, if undecieved vision of men and things. There is the smoke of many dreams curling up from Carl Sandburg's pipe; the steel of hard thinking in his shrewd eyes. There is the voice of Chicago in his words; the sound of the cornhuskers in his threshed-out thoughts.

Perhaps one feels the undivided personality of the man and the artist because Sandburg is not a professional poet. He has been all things that a man can well be: secretary to a mayor, tramp, reporter, a laughing loafer and a stern laborer. His poetry comes out of all this; out of rubbing shoulders with the crowd at a fight and getting the story of a funeral; out of playing politics and handling a shovel, the poetry of before-dawn hours and after-midnight vigils. He has eaten his bread with tears, and the salt of them is in these songs. He has loved and laughed, and the ring of it is in these stanzas.

There are those who refuse to admit that he is a poet at all. They are the lovers of the chiseled stanza, the sober meter, the contrapuntal rhyme. They declare, sometimes with unwarranted heat, that Sandburg's work



CARL SANDBURG

Photograph by Apewa

is merely a sketching of poems-to-be, that he has no craftsmanship, that he is careless, vulgar, repetitious, thumbing a lump of clay without modeling it into a nicely cut likeness. There are signs in his titles that Sandburg does just what these critics abhor. When he calls his poems "Caboose Thoughts," "Two Items," "Baltic Fog Notes," "Testimony Regarding a Ghost," "Memoranda," it would seem that he moves about the prairie and across the ocean, jotting odd thoughts into a handy note-book, indifferent to shaping them. And it is clear enough that he writes about common things, repeating himself about fog and mist and the mob. But to some more fortunate there comes the recognition of the art in Sandburg's repetitions, the tragic insistence of his questions, the sea-like monodies his rhythms make, the strength that has its roots in vulgar things. His carelessness is that of a Rodin, magnificently tearing a form out of shapeless stone, with fingers no less sensitive because they leave a figure half-finished, rough-hewn. His vul-

garity is epic in its stress on man's common birthright of hunger and loss, and laughter and a mess of pottage.

Sandburg is not an imagist in the nice sense of the word. He lacks the sharp colored outlines of a Japanese print which this school emphatically tries for. Nor is he essentially musical. Certainly he does not have the metro-nomical precision employed by many of his critics, nor yet their smoothly flowing numbers, so often innocent of meaning. Yet none of his poems but etches a sharp picture, whether of the old pond like a dreaming pansy in the night, or of the sordid works and days of a ditch-digger. And the slow, long rhythms, with their overtone of unanswered mystery are unmistakably his own. The Whitmanesque quality of these poems has often been declared. But Sandburg has an intensity the older master seldom achieved. He rejects the loose catalog for a wiser terseness. Perhaps because he lives in these times, with their burden of a heavier war in the trenches and in the factories, he has the mellowness that is nearer to Hardy's sharp irony than to Whitman's profound optimism.

(Continued on page 64)



Griffith
Films

"The Two Orphans"

Special Photographs
for SHADOWLAND
by Abbe

The picturesque old D'Ennery melodrama of Paris before the French Revolution makes admirable celluloid material under the guiding hand of David Wark Griffith. Above, a scene between the Chevalier de Vandrey, played by Joseph Schildkraut, and Henriette, portrayed by Lillian Gish. Screen followers of the Gish sisters will be interested to know that they are both playing in "The Two Orphans," Lillian as Henriette and Dorothy as the blind Louise.



Dorothy Gish won her screen spurs as a comedienne, but "The Two Orphans" will reveal her in a tragic rôle. At the right, Dorothy as the blind and helpless Louise



Mr. Griffith believes he has made a distinct find in a young Italian actor, Frank Puglia, who plays the cripple, Pierre. Mr. Griffith found Puglia in a small Italian company playing on the New York East Side



All indications point to a distinct cinema hit for Lucille La Verne, who plays the merciless old hag, Madame Frochard



INTRODUCING THE PHOTO-MONOTYPE

Maurice Goldberg, the photographer, has devised a new means of camera expression. A well-known dancer is the subject of his first photo-monotype

Stendhal: Geometrical Don Juan

By Benjamin de Casseres

IF we are on the spoor of Titans, we shall soon run across Henri Beyle. In his lifetime he took the fancy of parading under fictitious names. These number more than a hundred, but the one he used generally was Stendhal. During his lifetime, few knew him. His books are dedicated to the unborn. They are the luminous dramas of his emotional life.

Actor and spectator, soldier and thinker, lover and cynic, chronicler of magnificent nothings and analyzer of passionate dreams, Stendhal was a perfect type of the cultured superman; that is to say, one whose brain reigns like a motionless sun over the uproar of his life experiences and the tumult of his own heart.

Pick up Stendhal anywhere. In his novels, short sketches, his lives of other men, his love epigrams, his record of his love escapades, his experiences with the army of Napoleon, one dominant impression is left in the mind of the reader. That is his superb egotism. It is the egotism that abolishes all conventions, that lays every spook, that seeks the ultimate of self. Stendhal was the son of Max Stirner and the father of Maurice Barrès.

He was an impenitent Cellini, a Rousseau with a brain. In his beloved Italy, where life pounded his nerves till his brain sang with thought, he saw everywhere his own splendid instinct to amorality blossom in its fulness. Crime and passion to him had no social implications.

Crime and unbridled passion were marvelous color-combinations, and nothing else. When crime and passion no longer dominate the world, life will no longer be worth the living. "There are no rights except natural rights," says Julien Sorel, the hero of "Le rouge et le noir," in the shadow of the guillotine.

What is "goodness" but a kind of remorse for the sins we have never committed? What is Heaven but the dream of revenge deferred? What is the psychologic base of the "aspiration to perfection" and the passion for saintship if it be not the instincts brooding over their impotency before the scourges of social and religious conventions—transfiguring and etherealizing their vigor until they exhale and lapse in the smug Nirvana of contentment?

It was in 1831 that Julien Sorel, one of the greatest creations in all literature, first saw the light. He is the soul of "Le Rouge et le Noir"

and indeed the anti-social soul of Stendhal. Sorel, who had fed his soul with the Napoleonic legend, makes war on Society, which Emerson proclaimed the felon of the ages. If there was not a crime that Sorel had not committed, it was because the State did not give him time. It murdered Sorel for his crimes, which were merely the play of a great nature cooped up in the artificial.

The individual is always right and the State, in all times and in all climes, is always wrong. Man is not inherently good, as Rousseau believed; but he is inherently vital and dynamic—that is, he seeks the fullest play possible for his instincts. Nothing is more passionately beloved by all of us than what theologians call "sin." War, for this reason, as Stendhal believed before Marinetti preached it, is the supreme hygiene of the individual.

There must be a playground for the great blond beast in us. Saint Theresa, who fell in love with the Mystic Bridegroom, would have been a Messalina or a Catherine de Medici if she had dared. But those who fear become godaleptics. Tolstoi was a bird of prey at heart. When his physical courage gave out, he still made war—on the State and Church.

There is no great dream that is not in its last analysis a bludgeon. Julien Sorel did in miniature what Napoleon did on a large scale; he lived his life at the expense of others. He had not that trained shyness which we call the artistic sense—that sense which wreaks its revenge on life thru words, sounds and color.

Stendhal might have been his own Julien if he had not been born an artist. Beethoven, Flaubert and Ibsen, had they not escaped into the empyrean of artistic creation, would have been Catalinas, Masaniellos, Jack Cades—or Chadbands with the Decameron hidden in their pockets. And Nietzsche would have been an apache. All who live within the pale of the State are divided into two classes—cowards and outlaws. The State never created a hero. It never created a healthy being. At the feasts of the body and the passions it is the eternal kill-joy.

There are two ways of analyzing life—one by observation, the other by introspection and dissection. Stendhal organized his psychic experiences into a drama. He (Continued on page 75)



Photograph by Yevonde, London

PEGGY O'NEIL

Who has been delighting London as Paddy in "Paddy the Next Best Thing"



BESSIE LOVE

A new Study of the young screen Star by Edwin Bower Hesser

The Summons

A Play in One Act

By

Dorothy Donnell
Calhoun
and Gladys Hall

Illustrated by
Oscar Frederick Howard

THE scene is the interior of an Irish hut in the late of night. A single candle stuck in a chink in the wall gutters and flares above the bed on which lies a woman with tangled hair and a face of white, weird beauty, chiseled into fine contours by the sculptor, Pain. She lies quietly. She is apparently sleeping.

At the back of the room is an uncurtained window thru which, dimly, a large tree tosses gaunt arms in the autumn gale. Beside it is a door. On the right wall a peat fire smolders redly on a stone hearth, with a high-backed bench at an angle to it, half obscuring the door. A table with a teapot and several bottles, a stool or two, and a rocking chair complete the furnishings.

On either side of the bed stands an old woman, looking down. Mrs. MacManus, a neighbor, wears a rusty bonnet and a shawl. Grandma O'Day, a white cap and decent stuff gown. As the curtain lifts, a wild wail is heard outside the hut, rising along the tree-tops, dying along the sky. The old women look up and at one another fearfully.

GRANDMA O'DAY:

(Crossing herself.) 'Tis the third night the banshee has keened above this house. I'm thinkin' Annie's summoned.

MRS. McMANUS:

(Peering closely into the face on the pillow.) Sure, the Shadow is on her. I've watched by a many death-beds in my day, and I mind it well. (Sighs.) But she's young to be goin', Sheila O'Day, and her the laughingest bride in County Kerry a twelvemonth by!

GRANDMA O'DAY:

(Sombrely.) Twenty year ago this night I laid her to her mother's breast. I was an old woman then, but I'm livin' to close her eyes. It's strange days for Ireland, now, with the young fruit fallin' and the withered clingin' to the tree.

MRS. McMANUS:

(Lovering her voice.) Whist, woman dear, does Shawn know about poor Annie's sore strait?



GRANDMA O'DAY:

(Dully.) How could he be knowin'? For a five month shut up behind bars in the Kerry jail? Five miles away and since that black night they caught him drillin', never a word nor a sign . . .

"Bolts nor bars can't hold him when I need him," cried Annie, pushing Grandma O'Day aside. "He'll come! He promised me—he promised me!" Annie's voice became a wild scream. "Shawn—Shawn!"

THE SICK WOMAN:

(Thru parched lips, monotonously.) Shawn! Shawn!

GRANDMA O'DAY:

(Soothing her.) Aye, aye, lass—(the sick girl groans still.) She calls an' calls for him, always she calls for him. . . . 'Tis all that's keepin' her . . . the longing to see him. 'Twas more than a common love betwixt them.

MRS. McMANUS:

(Nodding.) I mind me the look of them when Father Donovan joined their hands. There was something holy-like, shinin' thru with a quare light for all it was a dark-some day . . .

GRANDMA O'DAY:

'Tis hard to bear the black grief when you're young. Some it bends and some it breaks. She's been a broken thing since they took Shawn away.



"There, there, my dearie, 'tis fine you're looking!" whispered Grandma O'Day thru her weeping. "But as for Shawn's coming—how could he—Annie—heart?"

MRS. McMANUS:
(Turning away.) Arragh, 'tis the heavy time for us all, God pity us! (A figure passes the window and there is a knock at the door.) Sure, I'll answer it and be going. But I'll drop in some mornin' with a bit o' broth. (She opens the door, ducks stiffly as Father Donovan enters.) Good evening, your Riverince. Did you be hearin' the banshee keenin' for poor Annie when ye came by the lane?

FATHER DONOVAN:
(Reprovingly.) What's this talk of banshees, Moira McManus? Surely a good, church-going woman doesn't hault with such superstition?

MRS. McMANUS:
(Adroitly.) Sure, if there is no such crather, I couldn't have been hearin' it, could I? Good-night to your Riverince. Good-night to you, Sheila O'Day (she goes out letting in a fitful gust of wind).

FATHER DONOVAN:
(Coming to the bed.) How is she the night?

GRANDMA O'DAY:
(Quaveringly.) Still on the hinterland as she's been now for three days agone, but 'tis as tho' sommat were houldin' her and wouldn't let her go . . .

THE SICK GIRL:
(Opening her eyes, unseeing the watchers by her bed.) Shawn! You'll be comin' soon, darlin'! Shawn, it's been heavy—the waitin' . . . but one kiss . . . and it's all forgot, the grievin' . . .

FATHER DONOVAN:
(Gently.) Annie, you mustn't be thinking of kisses now, my child.

ANNIE:
(Staring at him with her wide far-seeing eyes.) Is it your Riverince? 'Tis so dark the night. What's that ye're hauld-in'?

GRANDMA O'DAY:
(Sobbing.) Annie, heart, 'tis the Blessed Cross. Pray, a c u s h l a, pray for your sowl.

ANNIE:
(In a whisper.) Am I going to—die?

FATHER DONOVAN:
(Gravely.)

Only God knows that, Annie. But you're a very sick woman. Your thoughts should be on holy things.

ANNIE:
(With a sudden access of strength.) Holy things is it, Father? Holy things! Arragh, thin, ye're speakin' of my love for Shawn O'Day—there's nothin' in all the world so holy as my love for Shawn O'Day! (She bursts into a low moaning.) If he was here he'd not let ye be sayin' such cruel things to me . . . oh, I'm afeard . . . I'm afeard . . . !

FATHER DONOVAN:
(Comfortingly.) There's naught to be afeard of dying, Annie, and joinin' the blessed saints and martyrs in Heaven.

ANNIE:
(Wildly.) An' leavin' the blessed sunshine, an' the song of the little birds an' the moon on the lakes at night an' Shawn. There couldna be a Heaven for me, Father, without Shawn in it. (Calling wildly with growing loudness and strength.) Shawn—Shawn—come to me Shawn—bye—I'm needing you, Shawn!

GRANDMA O'DAY:
(Trying to force her back on the pillows.) Dont be talkin' so wild, mavournene. Shawn cant come to you. Dont you mind our poor lad's in the jail?

ANNIE:
(Pushing her aside.) Bolts nor bars cant hold him when I need him. He'll come! He promised me—he promised me! (Calling in a wild scream.) Shawn—come to me, Shawn—Shawn! (She falls back exhausted and half conscious. The old woman bends over the bed.)

GRANDMA O'DAY:
(Wringing her old hands in terror and woe.) A sore time dying, my poor colleen, a sore, sad time for my dearie!

FATHER DONOVAN :

(Laying his hand on the sick girl's forehead.) She will not die—yet. There are others who need me. I will be back later. But if she should slip away meanwhile I think it would not take her white soul long to find its way to God. Love is the surest guide. *(He pauses at the door, makes the sign of the Cross, and goes out. The wind chants its wild, weird dirge above the house. The old woman mumbles her beads by the bed.)*

(In the darkness beyond the window a white, wildish face is seen peering in. It is the face of a fine-appearing young man twisted and bitten at the moment, with dreadful emotion. The old woman looks up, sees him, and shrieks. Then, recognizing him, she shakes her withered fist.)

GRANDMA O'DAY :

(Shuffling to the door and trying to hold it.) Out on you, out on you, you black-hearted informer! Let her die in peace and not lose her soul by cursin' you with her last breath.

(The door is flung aside, sending the old woman staggering. Michael O'Shaunsey enters. He is a huge fellow, dressed with a richness oddly out of place in this poor room . . . and somehow sinister. On one great hand he wears a diamond ring. He strides to the bed and stands staring down at the sick girl with working face. Behind him the old woman mouths and rages futilely.)

GRANDMA O'DAY :

Where's the man should be standing there in place of you? Where's my boy, Shawn? *(She falls to beating him with tiny shriveled fists.)* You that sent my boy to jail for the fine, nice clothes you wear! You that sold Irish blood to buy a finger-ring! You that the women of County Kerry curse every widowed night and bloody morn!

MICHAEL O'SHAUNSEY :

(With bravado.) Hold your tongue, you witch! 'Tis the duty of an honest man to down disloyalty!

GRANDMA O'DAY :

May all the tears you've caused be your bitter drink when you are dry, Michael O'Shaunsey. May the days that forty good Kerry men rot in jail be added as years to your span of time in purgatory.

THE DYING GIRL :

Shawn—Shawn—

MICHAEL O'SHAUNSEY :

(With a wild laugh.) Shawn! It was always Shawn with you, Annie Hennessey. Never a look nor a kindness for other lads with limbs as straight and inches as many as his. Do you mind the harvest dance when you laughed at me and the gnawin' heart o' me, and passed me by with a toss of head and a flirt of skirts for—Shawn? *(He turns and staggers to the door, convulsed by a sudden unearthly mirth!)* Call for your precious Shawn! Call for him now, Annie Hennessey, and hark how he answers you! *(The wind screams as he staggers out, drunk with his own baffled rage and hurt. Annie opens her eyes and smiles up at the old woman.)*

ANNIE :

He's coming, Grandma! Shawn's coming—like he promised. I must look pretty for him. Bring me the bit o' glass and a noose of red ribbon, Grandma

(Continued on page 66)

The door opened. In the unsteady light of the candle appeared a man with a gaunt and wasted face, shining now with a wonderful flame of love. "Annie!" he cried. "My own! My own!"





MARGARET PETIT

One of the Decorative Personalities of "The Greenwich Village Follies"
Photograph by Francis Bruguiere

The Tragic Comedian

An Interview Study of Charlie Chaplin

By Frederick James Smith

ONLY a few years ago Charlie Chaplin, the son of poor player folk of the English 'alls, was a penniless boy in a London school for children without means. Today he is literally the idol of the world, beloved by a greater mass of humanity than any one in the history of Mother Earth. Yet is the idol of today as happy as the thoughtless, destitute boy of yesterday?

He has the means of satisfying most of the longings that go with the human race, still—We talked with him just before he sailed away to Europe in quest of rest. The world's man of mirth was tinged with moody self-searching, he admitted himself a recluse, he drank cup after cup of teeming hot water flavored with pepper to still his nerves, he ran his fingers restlessly thru his greying hair and wondered at the why of life. Later we saw him surrounded by questioning newspaper men, the look of distraught nerves in his eyes. He plainly longed for just one thing—solitude.

Chaplin is no mere self-satisfied actor, basking in the smile of success. Fame and fortune have been no golden gods of destiny to him. Believe it or not, Chaplin has been—until his nerves grew to jangling in the last year—a voluminous reader, not only of current books but of the newspapers. He has distinct, clear cut, yea, even radical ideas on men and events. Radical, did we say? Remember the radical theories of today are the conservative ideas of tomorrow. Chaplin is radical in 1921.

"Success has meant one thing at least to me for which I thank my destiny," explains Chaplin with his whimsical, half tragic smile. "It has allowed me to think. I used to be afraid to have ideas. That fear goes with poverty. And I did know poverty in its most awful form. But money has given me faith in myself—and theories of my own."

While we are on the subject of Chaplin and his ideas, let us mention one or two of them. Chaplin believes in Russia and its right to work out its own political salvation; he believes that the rest of the world has not only failed the cause of humanity in its meeting of the Russian prob-



Photograph by Pach Brothers

CHARLES CHAPLIN

lem but has tried to crucify its leaders, and he believes Lenin to be a really great man. "Because," says Chaplin, "he trims his sails and modifies his ideas to meet the changes of each day. Only a great man could meet and overcome the problems met and overcome by Lenin. Whenever I mention my ideas on Russia to newspaper men, they ask me to compare Lenin to someone in American history. This desire to compare everything and everyone to something or someone else, is one of the platitudes of modern mass thinking. The mass wants measurements in exact and visible inches. Of course, he isn't comparable to any one."

Our talk switches naturally to motion pictures and their future development. Chaplin was shy of predictions but he made a statement that gave a revealing flash of his moody self. "We are

limited in our means of telling things on the screen, but this is only a harkback to humanity's inability to communicate between itself. The efforts of the earth to communicate with Mars are as nothing to the efforts of one human being to communicate with another. Where are the words, where is the pantomime, by which I can convey to you even a tiny fraction of my real inner self? People live together for years and but remotely know each other. Consider the dumb stolidity of the ignorant and the futile striving of the intelligent. It is the pitiable, tragic thing of life—this inarticulateness of humanity."

Let Chaplin continue. "This seeking for communication with friends and its usual failure brings a love of solitude. It has been that way with me. I love to be alone. I have reached the point where I could never appear on the speaking stage again. To come out to the footlights, to depend upon one's personal contact with the people before you, to risk all upon one's feeble means of communication—ah—I would be hopelessly afraid."

"I often watch the comedians who dash breezily before the curtain with absolute confidence and the 'hello, folks' gusto. Not for me is that possible. I prefer to retreat into solitude and the seclusion of my studio and

(Continued on page 76)



Prose Painters

Special Photographs
© by E. O. Hoppe
of London

Top, Joseph Hergesheimer, undeniably one of the leaders of American literature. Hergesheimer is a writer of distinct exquisiteness, color and vivacity. His "Java Head," that study of old Salem in clipper-ship days, and his "Three Black Pennys" stand as wholly admirable contributions to our native literature. Right, Sinclair Lewis, who jumped into fame with his photographic "Main Street." Lewis proved to be a realist and satirist of unusual power



Reflections of a Gentle Cynic

Pastoral

By Lisa Ysaye Tarleau

HUSBAND and wife—both were deeply dissatisfied. He was tired of laboring in his garden day after day, year in and year out; she was weary of standing constantly in her kitchen preparing the meals, and both wished fervently for a different life—a happy, richer, more adventurous life, a life full of golden color and strange fortunes, a life in which they should find that satisfaction which now they missed so bitterly.

"Of course," they said to each other, "here at home it is almost impossible that things should ever change greatly. We live under unfortunate skies. Here even the heavens are grey and cloud veiled, the streets old and narrow, and the houses mean and poor and miserable. How can we live a full and adventurous life when the very earth we tread is commonplace? But if we could get away from here—far, far away to another country with happier suns and brighter stars, then—then we might find what we are now missing. But how can we possibly travel into the unknown, poor as we are!"

Thus they sighed every day, until, at last, their constant lament touched the heart of a compassionate little fairy who promised to help them.

"Here," said the fairy, "here is a magic cloak. Put it around your shoulders when the wild March winds blow, and the strongest of the blustering brothers will carry you on his back to the land of your desire."

Husband and wife were, of course, greatly pleased with this gift. At last they had something to hope for, something to expect, at last the grey humdrum of their days was gilded by a splendid promise. Almost a whole year they waited impatiently for March and his winds; a whole year they dreamed away at their tedious tasks of the new life that was waiting for them in the distance.

At length March really came around, and the howling of the winds was heard far away, denoting the approach of a stormy day. The man labored for the last time in his garden, the woman prepared her last meal in the kitchen; then they put the magic cloak around their shoulders

and called to the strongest of the winds to take them on his back and to carry them to the land that has a happier sun and brighter stars and a bluer and more smiling sky.

All came about just as the fairy had promised.

The strongest of the blustering brothers took them into his arms and carried them away over hills and dales and seas until, at last, he brought them to a country that was strange and wonderful indeed. There the March wind set them down in the midst of a little palm-grove and flew off on his wild wayward way known only to himself, while the man and the woman looked breathlessly about. It seemed to them they were in a world of wonder. The trees they saw appeared as if they had sprung out of a fairy-tale, the flowers were of a bewildering beauty and exhaled strong and intoxicating perfumes; birds and butterflies shimmered and glittered like costly jewels. Even the houses and the temples they saw from afar had queer and fantastic shapes and gilded, colorful pagodas and little porcelain towers from which tiny silver-bells sounded clearly thru the warm, caressing air. Here surely—here, if anywhere—they would find that for which they were longing; here all their dreams

would come true, here life simply *had* to be rich, and happy and beautiful. Hand in hand they wandered towards a little house they detected not far away, intent upon learning what a delightful life the happy inhabitants of this wonderland were leading. Nearer and nearer they came to the little house, and at last they stood at the gate and they saw . . .

They saw a man who labored in his garden and a woman who stood in the kitchen preparing a meal.

ART AND REALITY

By Le Baron Cooke

The poet read his poems
Faultlessly,
Emphasizing each amorous
mood

With tenderness of voice
And refinement of gesture
That made the audience of
ladies

Flutter with emotion.
Only his little stenographer,
Taking notes in the back of
the hall,

Knew what a bluff he was
Where love was concerned.



Photograph by Hixon-Connelly Studios

TOT QUALTERS
The Musical Comedy Favorite

The Ladies of the Camélias

By Archie Bell

NAZIMOVA is the latest in the long train of celebrated stage women who should be thankful that the young son of the creator of "Monte Cristo" heard about an auction sale in Paris. They were knocking down the treasures of a courtesan to the highest bidder; and the family of the deceased, who had despised the poor girl in life, were greedily listening to the price bidden for each article offered, that their own pocketbooks might profit in the division of the estate. Young Alexandre Dumas heard about it—perhaps was present at the sale—and following in the footsteps of his illustrious father, he wrote the story of the courtesan's life into a novel. It was a well-known story in Paris at the time, because the crowds of onlookers had watched for the lady's bright blue carriage as she paraded herself in the Bois of an afternoon. She liked to be observed, a characteristic of women of her kind, and society had seen her frequently in a box at the Opera, where she blazed with jewels, and she was conspicuous elsewhere in the life of her set, notorious even in Paris, but which nevertheless excited a tang of curiosity among the "respectable." She was commonly known as *La Dame aux Camélias* to the gossips, because she always visited a florist's before a public appearance, purchased her favorite flowers and wore them as a badge of recognition for all who beheld her, or because it was perhaps a little personal whim—the reason has never been plain. There was no particular reason why Paris should have been interested in this woman's life history; but for some reason the novel caught the public's fancy immediately. It quickly became in Paris what in America we should call a "best seller," and when the young author heard that a piratical dramatization was to reach the stage to capitalize the sensational success of the novel, he made an adaptation himself. Thus came *La Dame aux Camélias* to the stage, the play that Americans prefer to call *Camille*.

Nazimova and other ladies of the stage should be thankful for this play, and audiences should be no less grateful. It has provided some of their greatest moments to the greatest actresses; and strange as it may seem today, for it appears to be a fabric of sentimentality

and mawkishness, it was one of the important mile-posts that marked the development of realistic drama and naturalistic acting, as opposed to the elocutionary artificiality of the dramatic stage until its time. After the young man had read the manuscript to Alexandre Dumas, *pere*, the son records that "he looked at me as never before in his life." He was weeping. After he heard the death scene from the unproduced manuscript, he recognized that a new voice had come to the theater. He not only looked at him strangely, but according to popular report, at once gave young Alexandre a paternal recognition that had been denied. For the first time in his life, the old man was proud of his son, proud that he was his son.

While there is reason to believe that the *Lady* was well known during her lifetime in Paris, only gossipy fragments concerning that life appear to be authentic. Those who knew her best were silent—perhaps for a reason—and men and women who knew her well could not have been aware that she was destined to achieve immortality. Their *memoires* are silent concerning her, which perhaps is easily understood, for she was barely of the class to which her patrons belonged—even in Paris, where an almost classical dignity sometimes seems to surround women of the *grande courtesan* class, without doubt she was *déclassée*. Admired for her wit and beauty, perhaps a woman

who inspired absolute devotion from her intimates, she never was mistress of a palace, her boudoir was not in the shadow of Versailles, and she died, as she had lived, a woman who enjoyed complete freedom of action.

The most reliable references to her that I have come across are in the writings of that gossipy old critic, Jules Janin, who fortunately knew so many notable people and put down on paper what must have appeared to be small affairs concerning their lives, at the time he wrote. Perhaps there was much of what might be called backstairs gossip in his writings; nevertheless such incidents (note the celebrated case of Saint-Simon) sometimes reveal more of actual character than the prosaic biographies prepared in much finer literary taste and with a constant effort to conform to the "proprieties." Janin reports that
(Cont'd on page 59)



Photograph by Eugene Hutchinson

MME. ANNA PAVLOVA
An Interesting Study of the Danseuse

The Land of the Disappearing Bed

A Guide to the Picture Paradise

By Herbert Howe

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA is the victim of as many antithetical advices as Bolshevik Russia. Some inform you that it's the ante-chamber to Heaven itself, while others declare it the embassy of Satan where movie minions send out propaganda that ultimately will lead us all straight to Hell.

As a youth, my idea of California was a place where relatives went when they died. All God-fearing Mid-Westerners so live that they can afford to die in Los Angeles. It is regarded as a mundane paradise where one may get acclimated to the joys of Heaven before ascending. Had I been required to define more specifically the importance of the place, I would have said: It is a state, the principal products of which are postal cards, orange wood plaques, abalone shell cuff-links and mounted horned toads. Such was the booty sent back by all veteran relatives before making that slight transition from Pasadena to Paradise proper. Since then, however, a great confusion has arisen in regard to what Los Angeles really is. Great have been the changes since grandmother was an old lady. No longer does she seek a quiet resting place to take away the twilight of her life in summery surroundings. Now in the winter of her discontent, as Richard III would soliloquize, instead of mounting horned toads to fright the souls of fearful relatives, she toddles nimbly out to Sunset Inn to the lascivious pleasing of jazz.

No longer is Los Angeles just a dust-pan for the Middle West. The sweepings of the world are hers. For every one who now goes West to die, there is another who goes to break into the movies—or to view the Cinemese in their natural habitats. Here comes your first disillusionment. Southern California is not entirely covered by glass for the purpose of raising movies. Hollywood is not a Mardi gras of wanton, ambling nymphs bedecked in yellow powder; it's a sleepy village, suburban to Los Angeles, where the

corner drugstore is just as important as it is in Mankato, Minn. Thus I feel moved to offer a Baedeker-up-to-date for the guidance of those whose footsteps may this winter stray to the man-painted paradise.

During the past few years most of Bohemia has gone West to view the world's studiopolis where art is shot and embalmed in gelatine to be sold by the linear foot.

Upon arrival in Los Angeles the artists utter such cries as that of James Oppenheim, story writer and critic:

"Why doesn't Los Angeles undertake something as great as her spread of scenery, her perfect climate, her animated people, her unusual wealth. She is a city apart, and neither Athens nor Paris had such skies, such earth and such people. The glory that was Greece's was the amphitheater, the temples and the groves where the creative spirit left us something greater than the swift commerce and the soldiering of the Athenians. Los Angeles would

seem to be the sort of place where all artists would gather, if only she led the way toward appreciation and welcome."

Mr. Oppenheim suggests that the Angeleans sell one of their loaves and buy hyacinths for the soul, a transaction quite incomprehensible to the expatriates of the Middle West whose traffic has been confined to hens and holsteins. They do build temples more expensive than the Athenians'—but they are for Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists, not pagan worshippers of Beauty.

"It's a queer country," said one authoress, who, no doubt is of the infidel persuasion. "Hills full of Theosophists and valleys full of Christian Scientists."

Yet it is not strange that the activities should be more spiritual than athletic when you consider that most of the population is fifty years old or better. The contemplation of death always moves us to take up the spiritual callisthenics so long

neglected. We become easy subjects for Billy Sunday and religion gets us.

Therefore be not alarmed.
(Continued on page 58)



Arteche's impression of Mary Pickford in "Little Lord Fauntleroy"



B RILLIANT colors of autumn are reflected in the shops. Reddish brown mahogany color; dark brown and light brown; leaf and golden; in fact, brown in every conceivable shade; garnet and crimson. But fuchsia is the fad of the moment. This new color, which is not new at all, being in reality variations of purplish red and lavender, is universally becoming and suitable to women of all ages and coloring.

Among our vivid memories are the windows of some of the smart shops in which the fuchsia shades figured prominently. Near the center of one of these windows fronting Fifth Avenue was a flower stand having a wicker receptacle for flowers. This was filled with a large bunch of flowers of the fuchsia color and of paler lavender shades with green foliage. Some of the stalks fell over the edge of the basket.

In front was a stand supporting a hat having a black top and a brim covered with fuchsia feathers laid horizontally. From it was draped an embroidered purple veil. Black gloves with white stitching were laid at the pedestal. On the floor in front there was a low stand on which was a hat having a black brim and a crown covered with fuchsia colored flowers. An embroidered veil of the same color dropped to the floor. At the right of the flower stand was a bag of fuchsia colored silk. Artistic and beautiful indeed!

Another window showed a dress of fuchsia color with a collar of light brown fur on a pedestal of

Top, Maria Guy hat of velvet and net—hemstitched. Posed by Sadie Mullen for Bonwit Teller & Co. Right, cross-country riding habit of General Logan tweed and hat of same fabric. Posed by Gladys Lewis for Bonwit Teller & Co.

My Lady Fashion

By The Rambler

dark brown. On the floor at the right lay a bunch of violets. At the left was a bottle of perfumery. In the right half of the window a large hat of the fuchsia color trimmed with orchid colored flowers was laid over a low hat stand. A drape of chiffon of the same color as the hat fell to the floor and spread outward. On the floor was a silk purse of dark blue and yellow stripe.

In another shop the window showed brown in varying shades. A dark brown suit with a fur collar of lighter brown was shown on a form. Behind it on a curved bench of dark brown wood was a muff of light brown fur. At the right end

Photographs by Fab Studio





Photograph by Alfred Clency Johnston

a brown parasol enclosed in its case was laid. A pair of light brown gloves lay over the parasol.

In front of the bench, on a gilded spiral stand, was a hat of deep orange with black feathers and black veil with braid design. A pair of brown shoes lay at the left. Another tall stand supported a brown hat trimmed with feathers of lighter brown and with brown embroidered lace veil.

Suits seen in the shop windows and at the fashion shows are the wearable kind. Practical as a suit should be—and smart. The skirts are narrow and plain. The coats have

long lines that are universally becoming. Some have narrow belts, some are without. Suits are fur trimmed, usually, and of serviceable goods—broadcloth, velour or more sturdy weaves as twill or homespun.

If you wish to follow the mode closely and have a substantial fur wrap in your possession, the chances are that it will be necessary for you to have it reshaped a little.

(Continued on page 60)

Peggy Hoyt creation of mauve taffeta with silver tissue and hand-made violets. Designed for "The Merry Widow." Posed by Irene Castle Treman

The Land of the Disappearing Bed

(Continued from page 55)

when you first hit town to behold on rocks and billboards such signs as:

"The Lord is coming—are you prepared?"

"The World will End next Monday—Prepare!"

At sight of these I felt as tho there was a conspiracy on foot to spoil my good time, but I learned later that nothing personal was intended. In fact, after a few gentle little earthquakes I began to think there might be something in what they said. Certainly Los Angeles is a good preparatory for Heaven. Sometimes I am horrified by a sacrilegious feeling that I don't want to go to Heaven if it has such irksome perfection of climate, sunshine and psalm-singing. But, no doubt, it's just a sour grapes fermentation.

If fear of God doesn't render an artist incapable of working, the climate probably will, particularly if he happens to be one of those fur-bearing mammals from Manhattan or other polar circles. Originally the country was a desert, but man has smeared over it a make-up that's as good as any worn by the movie inhabitants. It never rains, but it pours for about three months in the winter. The climate remains that of the desert—a sunny, lethargic monotone, excellent for dying and preserving purposes but not so good for creative. H. L. Mencken recently reviewed the literature of the country by sections, using as *criteria* the manuscripts which he receives as officer of *The Smart Set*. To Los Angeles he awarded the first prize for literary boobies.

Most authors who are lured here by the movie temptress arrange to write elsewhere. They only supervise their productions—(i. e. fight the directors)—in the studios. As soon as the smoke of battle clears, they hie for a cooler, less scabious and less pious clime.

It is to the little cluster around the studios of Hollywood that Los Angeles owes its reputation for being Bohemian and gets pointed out as the Horrible Example by pulpit gentry in the East. How sad then is the disappointment of those who expect to find in this simple little filmburg, an hour's trolleying from Los Angeles proper, a veritable Latin Quarter Montmartre. Unless you can get a kick out of such orgiastic spectacles as Elinor Glyn doing the Blue Danube for her liver's sake on Thursday night at The Hotel, I warn you, don't go West, young man, in search of sin. In so saying I lay myself open to hard words from that element of the cinematic set which valiantly strives to be ribald by giving nocturnal affairs resembling nothing so much as college boys' key parties. But even this partying crowd is so infinitesimal compared to the legions that re-

tire for orisons at ten o'clock that it is sad to contemplate by a resident, say, of Long Island.

Los Angeles in reality is a sort of aquarium where you can observe all of the *species Americanus*, soul up. It is one hundred per cent. American, yes siree! The sure way of breaking into print is by praising the town, its shops, its nectareous climate, its ancient palms—which a friend describes as the slattern among vegetable fauna.

The first thing you should do after getting back your land legs and digestion from the Pullman transports is to consult the newspapers for a habitat. By starting your drive at once you may get something pretty decent before you leave. While perusing the pink and green and white feuilletons you will be charmed by the adventurous nature of the country. A foreign author pointed to these papers as proof that outlawry was not dead but liveth as it did in the days of D'Artagnan. In a single day you may find such headlines as:

Crooks Flood L. A.

18 Homicides In Two Months.

L. A. Woman Slays L. A. Man.

Auto Bandits Busy Again.

L. A. Men Join War To Tame L. A. Mothers-in-Law.

Wife Says Husband Bit Her On Her Birthday, Sues.

You may conclude from study of these journals that the chief industry of the place is not movies but murder. There's always a good murder story running serially. And at no time is the community spirit so manifest as upon these occasions. Everybody enters the thing with a will. One morning you read that "L. A. Times Finds Death Gun" and the next morning, "L. A. Examiner Uncovers Important Clue." There never was such thoro journalism. You get to rely on the papers here far more than you do anywhere else. In fact, you don't feel you are starting your morning right without a murder extra with your breakfast.

There is no reason for being disgusted, however. There probably is no larger crop of murders in L. A. than in New York, but the papers here are more interested in exposing criminality than they are in a less scrupulous city. The only motor bandits I ever encountered are those which the city employs to tag you. They will get you sooner or later, for the roads are so fine that no flivver with any spirit can suppress its speed complex for long, especially if you happen to be engaged in bagging bungalows.

The real creative spirit of California is manifested in its homes. All world records have been broken in stabling families in the smallest possible space at the largest possible rent. Apartments are constructed along the economic and

scientific plans of a sardine can. There's room for everyone—if you use a little ingenuity.

While the architectural varieties of California habitats surpass in number Mr. Heinz's pickles, the general housing system may be divided into three parts; hotel, bungalow and apartment.

You will be enamoured with the hotels at first. Those of suburban location are set among palms, poinsettias, hedges of geranium and great verandas. With their walls of cloistral stucco and their Spanish outlines they resemble the old missions. In reality they are whitened sepulchres—benign without but hard pine within. They invariably boast the "American plan"—hundred per cent American—the democratic system which makes you take what they give you and pay for it just as tho you'd ordered it. Eventually you develop Bolshevik manners and demand the entire menu, even demanding the right to take oranges to your room. Still under-nourished, you decide to get a place of your own. You start on the trail of the bungalow or apartment—there's little difference between the two intestinally speaking. There is nothing gamier than home hunting in L. A. The quarry, consisting of stern-visaged landladies of implacable morals, is adroit and wary. These wintry chateaus regard you as the enemy within. Rent is like bail, giving you liberty in the place under surveillance. If you hope for any success getting in, go equipped with a marriage license but without any babies, dogs, cats or movie connections. I don't know which is worse, being a bachelor or a baby.

The first exclamation which escapes you upon entering an apartment is, "Where's the rest of it?"

The landlady promptly plagiarizes Ethel Barrymore:

"That's all there is—there isn't any more."

You try to tell her that you wanted a place in which to store your person, not your hat.

"Oh, but there's plenty of room. How many in the family? Only four? Oh my, you can take in roomers then."

Amazed, you try to appear credulous while looking upon the two rooms and the telephone booth which is dubbed "kitchenette."

"But—but, where's the bed?" you stammer, wondering if you are supposed to hang yourself on a coat-hanger at night.

"Oh, the bed!" says the landlady, making you feel as if you should have brought your own. "The beds are lovely. I'll show them to you."

Before you have time to dodge—out

(Continued on page 69)

The Ladies of the Camélias

(Continued from page 54)

he saw the *Lady* frequently in his journeyings around Paris and elsewhere, and in self defense he apologizes that his "ill humors" at the time may have prevented him from coming directly under her influence, which he observed was not true of other men of his acquaintance.

He tells a pretty story of their first meeting. Janin had gone out for the evening with Franz Liszt, both of them presumably not expecting to be recognized. Perhaps it was a little trip into the slums, an excursion to serve as a contrast in their lives to the places and company that usually surrounded them. They had been watching a sensational melodrama and came out between the acts to sit on a bench beside the stove in a hallway to observe the crowd. The *Lady* went there for the same purpose—to get away from the routine of life. She came up to Liszt, after recognizing him, said that she had frequently heard him play and frankly admitted that she was happy to see such a great artist at close range. She apologized for being in such a place, but admitted that she had done it to escape from the ennui of life. She was neatly dressed, easily distinguished from the habitués of the place, and wore no jewels except huge pearls that hung suspended from her ears. She had a graceful manner of moving about, and Liszt, a marvel with women, was fascinated by her and endeavored to engage her in conversation. But the lady felt otherwise inclined. She boldly approached him, complimented him upon his piano playing and perhaps received his handshake, but when he attempted to draw her into prolonged conversation, she suddenly lifted her white-slipped feet to the stove, leaned back, closed her eyes, declined to talk, and, as Janin records, reminded Liszt of "a presentation in London to one of the coteries of the Duchess of Sutherland." Janin says that from her general appearance and manner, one might have imagined that she had been born beneath the gilt draperies of the old faubourgs with a diadem on her brow. Such a woman was certain to enlist the sympathies of the great composer-pianist, so after repeated efforts, he succeeded in making her talk and he marveled at her knowledge of things of the world. And at this time she was about twenty years of age.

Janin saw her again at Brussels at a fête celebrating the opening of the Northern railroad. He says there was a certain handicap in her reputation, but fortified by her beauty and acquaintance with famous men, she dared to penetrate into the ballroom, where she was pointed out to members of the French peerage who did not already know her, as well as to Spanish, Flemish and Dutch nobles. She wore a bewildering array of costly jewels,

was beautifully dressed and seemed as one possessed. She was nearing the end and approached it gladly. She danced furiously, piled gold upon the gaming tables and caused much comment by her reckless conduct. Next day she was ordered to a spa for a rest—but it was too late. She returned to Paris to die, and her friends gathered around her. Apparently, hers was a spectacular death, as her life had been; for her death chamber was piled with floral offerings, crowds gathered beneath her windows overlooking the church of the Magdalene, and from hour to hour bulletins of her condition were circulated among the elite, many of whom feared the notoriety of actual attendance at her home. In a way it was something like the famous death scene in the play, only it was not the youthful Armand Duval of the novel who rushed to her bedside in repentance at the last moment. After the *Lady* had died, there was a crushed velvet pillow at the foot of her bed. On it had knelt an old duke in prayer. He left after the last breath, and before the arrival of members of her family, who swooped down upon everything—not for souvenirs of the departed, but for the money that the things would bring at auction.

Young Alexandre Dumas had come out of college, swamped in debts and with great uncertainty as to his future. Until the time that he approached his father with the *Camille* manuscript, there had been a barrier between them. After the first act, the old man said simply, "Go on." There was another "go on" after the second act, and "that's good, go on" after the third act. It was after the fourth that he "looked at me as never before in his life."

But theater-managers and producers were not so easily convinced of the merits of the piece. It was a novelty, an innovation, and it possessed so many unusual incidents and the treatment was so unconventional that they were afraid of its reception by the public. Young Dumas read his script at the Theater Historique and, in the midst of the reading, the leading actress burst out hysterically and exclaimed that it was the true story of her own life—which it was not—albeit in reality she died soon after from tuberculosis. Afterwards, the piece was read at many theaters, but without success. Mlle. Dejazet, then in her prime, wept copiously and predicted a great success for the play, but she declined to appear in it. The author succeeded in attracting the attention of the great Rachel, who said he might read it to her; but when he arrived at her home, he was told that the actress had gone to play *loto* at the home of a friend. Madame Doche was in London, but Fichter offered to carry the

manuscript to her. He did so, and, according to the story current at the time, she immediately started to Paris, after the reading, intent upon presenting the piece herself. It was placed in rehearsal immediately and had its first performance at the Theater du Vaudeville the night of February 2, 1892.

Dumas had had no previous experience at rehearsals and his suggestions were not well received by the actors. For example, he asked that Fichter, who played Armand Duval, bring the big gambling scene to a climax by throwing *Camille* to the floor in a burst of rage and attempting to throttle her. "This play isn't likely to get so far as the gambling scene the opening night," Fichter responded, positively declining to do as directed. But the play did go beyond the gambling scene, which certainly needed a big realistic stroke to carry it. This was executed by Fichter, altho he had declined to do it at rehearsals, and it did much to carry the first night to its great success. In a few days all of Paris realized that here was a great tragedy with which all were familiar—a page of contemporary history—from which it was possible to derive as great artistic satisfaction as from the pastebord unrealities with which theatergoers were familiar.

To this play may be traced that "wave of frayed feminine emotion" that swept over the world of the theater soon afterwards; and it must be admitted, however unlikely it seems at first glance, that *La Dame aux Camélias* and the work of Scribe in the same direction kept on evolving and developing until it made its influence felt in far-off Norway, where Henrik Ibsen was beginning to test his wings for majestic flight that should carry on the propaganda for naturalism.

Camille had several hundred performances in Paris before London saw it, altho the play was talked about around the world. Amusing changes were made in the text for English and American audiences. It was thought that a scandal would follow, if the original French ending were permitted, so *Camille* and Armand were actually forced to marry, that the puritan spirit might be satisfied. When Laura Keane produced it in America, the play was considered shockingly realistic, and theatergoers saw it enacted as a dream from which *Camille* awakened in the last act, presumably to a better life, having had pictured before her the sorrowful outcome of a life of shame. Before the production, announcements were widely circulated that all objectionable scenes and lines had been stricken from the text and the play was called *Camille, a Moral of Life*. E. A. Sothern was Armand Duval in the production made by

(Continued on page 60)

My Lady Fashion

(Continued from page 57)

The wrappy type of garment is no more. Capes are cut differently, with more of a circular flare and are of a disposition to balloon out at the elbow line and go in again below the hips.

Tail-less ermine is most talked about in Paris and in France. The dream of clothes-loving women is to wear a tightly lined tail-less ermine mantle thrown over an organdie afternoon or evening frock. The tails, by the way, are not thrown into discard, for one of the favorite ways of trimming evening frocks is to attach the little black tails to the drapery at stated regular intervals.

The new plays of the theatrical season, up and down Broadway, show quite as many long skirts as ones that are short. The more matronly woman, whose figure is inclined to be heavy, is jumping at the longer skirts, but the slim young thing upon the stage is clinging for dear life to the short skirt that has been her delight in seasons past, tho now and then she makes a concession and adopts points upon chiffon that drop about her ankles, now long and now short.

It will be with a struggle, if at all, however, that the American woman lets go the short skirt. A woman designer in New York advances the interesting idea that the American woman's legs are too beautifully shaped to be covered. There-

fore she makes her soft, straight gowns to end ten inches from the floor in front and at the back, while at the sides they are elongated by means of panels, or some other graceful arrangement of fabric. American women like freedom when they walk, says this designer, and they will refuse to wear skirts that will hamper them in any way whatsoever. They have become accustomed to having every comfort with their clothes and will not consent to let their dear freedom slip from them.

It all goes back to the old-new matter of individuality and the fact that modern fashions are not so much a thing of general standard as they are of individual standard.

The only safe course, then, for the worried ones to pursue is to do as they please, to be as individual as they like, to copy the one whose leadership they trust.

Ways of embellishing clothes and of adding to simple frocks, touches that bring them into an entirely new realm are as important as the clothes themselves—even more so.

A great many women like little or no trimming on their clothes; others enjoy bits of color, ribbons and laces. Things of this sort depend greatly on individual temperament. There is no reason why a woman should not have any kind of trim-

ming she likes, and if another woman likes her clothes plain and of severe simplicity, she should not sacrifice her individuality by copying her.

There are new shapes in sleeves and new ways of tying sashes. The Parisienne is tying her sash in a new way—by wrapping it around her body, giving it a twist at either side by slipping the ends thru the belt and bringing them back to be fastened in a loose knot in the front.

Much time has been spent in writing of and designing high collars but nobody has taken to them with any degree of enthusiasm.

Fringes of self material are featured prominently on many of the autumn clothes. Both cloth and crepe frocks have a novel fringe trimming achieved by running rows of hemstitching along cascading panels, the sleeves, or even the bottom of the skirts, and slashing the hemstitching to form fringe, which, of course leaves a picot edge on each strand of the material.

Another form of trimming which sprang into prominence during the summer is the embroidery pattern made by perforation. Many gowns now show a perforated design. A bright contrasting lining is used—as for instance a black dress with bright red lining revealed thru the eyelets of bright red.

The Ladies of the Camélias

(Continued from page 59)

Matilda Heron, and the complimentary notice that he received in the part did much to elevate him to stardom. Rose Eyttinge played it up and down the country, wherever her passion for travel carried her. She relates in her *Memoires* that at Reno, Nevada, she performed in a theater made of two barns set together. There were practically no "properties" to be found in the town, so in the famous supper scene, the famous courtizan of Paris served her guests dried apples and the "champagne" was drunk from teacups.

To my mind at least, there have been three really great *Camilles* in our generation: Sarah Bernhardt, Eleanora Duse and Olga Nethersole. I cannot include Clara Morris for the reason, perhaps, that I never saw her in the part. It was one of Miss Morris' most celebrated parts, and her characterization was the very apotheosis of mawkish sentimentality, apparently, as her *Camille* not only electrified audiences, throwing them into veritable paroxysms of sympathetic suffering for poor Marguerite Gautier (the name of the heroine in the novel), but she literally paralyzed the actors upon the same stage with her, so that they often were unable to speak aloud for several seconds after one of her passionate out-

bursts. Sarah Bernhardt, however, "the greatest of them all" portrayed the true Parisian *demi-mondaine* more closely than any living actress. She had the genuine temperament, and her life has permitted her to be steeped in the kaleidoscopic frivolities in which the *Lady* played a part. It was easy to see from her characterization why *Camille* loved so violently and the early scenes in her performance were like the sweep of a tempest. Her death-scene, however, was extremely theatrical and employed all the tricks of which she was past mistress. Parisians, who should be the best judges, have never cared for another actress in the part. *La Dame* is looked upon by them as Madame Sarah's play, and they resented the presumption, when Duse went up to Paris bidding for a triumph and opened her engagement with this piece—on the advice of her artistic sister and rival, Bernhardt.

The *Camille* of Eleanora Duse was not at all the *Lady* of whom Dumas wrote. She was a weeping madonna, a courtizan of soulful countenance and silver voice; but she was not the woman who could have attracted the rollicking companions who surround *Camille* in the early scenes of the play. Her compelling sorrow would drive away gaiety, and in the play

she demonstrated the various tints and shades of grief that finally throttled her. It is not *Camille* that she personates; nevertheless, the picture is one of the most admirable in Duse's great gallery of portraits.

Olga Nethersole as *Camille*. I shall not attempt a criticism of her performance for the very good reason that I am able to quote another's, one that is not merely a "personal opinion." When Nethersole was playing *La Dame aux Camélias*, in Paris, Madame Alexandre Dumas, widow of the great author, sat in a box reserved for her, and I had the opportunity to observe her closely. She was visibly moved and at the death-scene tears came to her eyes. She asked me to escort her to Nethersole's dressing-room, which I counted it a privilege to do; and there I heard her say: "I wish my late husband could have seen you tonight. We Parisians always have maintained that Sarah was our best interpreter of his favorite heroine; but you have stirred all of us very deeply tonight. Your death-scene is marvelous." And at the suggestion of Nethersole, we drove to the Place Malherbe the following day and placed a wreath of camélias at the base of the statue of the author.

Hollywood: Its Morals and Manners

(Continued from page 37)

ics, and assuming that there was plenty of work for many, which at this time there is not, there are and will remain all of those problems connected with the matter of outfitting oneself, to say nothing of acquiring the technique of the screen itself, which only those who have been engaged with the problem for some time even dimly begin to sense. There is the matter of make-up, for one thing, a problem so simple-seeming and yet so different and difficult for each one, that few of all the many who essay pictures really master it to their own or anyone else's satisfaction. It is not so easy as it looks. Again there is the matter of dress. So few seem to grasp clearly the importance of individuality or what it means to make the right impression at all times and everywhere upon those who may be of use to one, be they who they will. Now this, unfortunately, is not only a matter of innate taste and looks, but of means. And how many can essay the task with sufficient means? A very shrewd and practical casting director of one of the great film corporations answering the question as to what more, in addition to beauty and brains, too, is needed to help her to success in movieland replied, "Lots of coin—enough for a two or three year night in comfort and with all the clothes she finds she really needs." Which same is true. And as if to piece this thought out, another one, who is quite as high in the profession, after making up the usual long list of essentials—beauty, brains, etc., added that "she ought to have slaying power." And this is true, also. But how many of those who essay "the moving picture game," even where they have the essentials and means into the bargain, are fighters. How many? The scores of thousands who have already tried and failed, as anyone connected with the industry will tell you, provide the best answer.

As a matter of fact, I doubt if anyone outside the actual practice of this profession really realizes how many of all those who have wished in times past to shine in pictures have actually gone to Los Angeles and tested for themselves the nature of the difficulties which confront the beginner. The thousands who have been stopped by the telegrams of anxious parents addressed to the police of Los Angeles. The hundreds and even thousands who have been lured on by "agents" and properly fleeced before they were allowed to escape, even if they were allowed to escape without experiences which their best wishes will never quite succeed in erasing. The thousands who have come with a few hundred or a few thousand dollars even, and gone bad; who rented rooms, or took an apartment, or with father and mother as a helpful background, even rented a house, the pater

or mater entering upon a business of some kind in order that daughter might feel at home and not get discouraged too soon. But, in spite of all that, all in vain, just the same. The few hundreds, even the few thousands, were soon or not quite so soon, used up and daughter or lone aspirant decided after many painful searchings of the heart that it was no use. Not one but thousands, after contesting with the ultra severe conditions that confront the beginner at every turn in Los Angeles, have packed their few or many remaining belongings, "snapped a picture" of the house or the room or the street in which they had dwelt, while "they tried" and then sorrowfully taken the next train out. They couldn't quite make it. The struggle was too grim. But that is a type of picture that you will never see in the movies. It didn't end happily.

Setting all this aside as tho it were not, if you can, there are still those hundreds and even thousands of apartments and hall-bedrooms in Hollywood and other points adjacent to Los Angeles, to say nothing of handsome bungalows and estates built out of the proceeds of past salaries that house hundreds upon hundreds—say, even thousands, I should say, of waiting stars, first and second heavy leads, vamps, beauties, bit part workers, extras, trick performers, people who own and train clever animals and the like, to say nothing of raw and inexperienced beginners who do not even know as yet that there is such a thing as a casting director or an agent, who are still about and hoping and waiting for things to take a turn. They cannot very well go back. Transcontinental rates are very high. The news from New York and Chicago is that things theatrical are very dull indeed. And the movies might pick up at any time, especially once a very high tariff wall is erected around the American-made film. But the substance of all this is that the thousands who were once vigorously and even viciously competing with each other for place in or near the movie world are now on the side-lines eyeing one another and the silent studio walls. And this is just a fraction, and a very minute one, of the many difficulties that are certain to assail the aspirant in this realm.

Yet, setting aside even this condition, and assuming that there was plenty of work for many, there still would be all of those many problems connected with the matter of fitting oneself for the work and getting along in this world which only those who have been engaged with the problem for some time even dimly begin to realize. In fact, I doubt if anyone outside the actual practice of this profession could be made to believe the amount of courage and technical care and

actual work that is daily brought to bear on their problems by those who are determined to succeed in this work and who have little outside of their own skill and determination to assist them. This relates to dress, make-up, impersonation, the illusion, if not the reality of charm, search for work, attempted contacts with those who may be of use to one in some one little way or another; things which those who must, do constantly, yet which those who do not have to, would not care to do, and would never understand. There are girls and men and women who use every personality they come in contact with in the hope of bettering themselves, tho this may extend to nothing more than being seen with them somewhere in order that they may be seen by others in such very good and so possibly helpful company. Then there are those hours and hours daily, spent in going about from one studio to another, or one agent to another, in search of work. Or, if not that, other hours spent before a three-leaf mirror, practising a smile, a gesture, a position of the head or arm, a curve of the lips or a lift of the eyebrow, than which nothing is thought to be more important in pictures, screeenically speaking. There is the study that may be given to a walk, to dancing, to one's color scheme, to the curve of the eyebrow, once all the troublesome hairs of the eyebrow itself have been removed. For no effective eyebrow is made of anything save soft lead, in these days, penciled above the eyes with the utmost care. A most interesting world, truly.

Can you imagine, for instance, a raging beauty who, in whatsoever commonplace garb she might choose to fare forth anywhere, would instantly attract the attention of not only all men but all women; one who, if not taken by ambition to shine in this realm, might lie abed, guarding by ease and rest a gift which she certainly prizes yet who, thruout long or short engagements yielding her no more at first than seven-fifty or at most ten a day, getting up day after day as early as five-thirty or even five in the morning, the object being to give herself ample time in which to decorate herself fitly for the work in hand? Yet so it is. And then, after an hour and a half, maybe of the latter, repairing to some nearby counter-café or beanery, for a cup of coffee? And then taking the nearest street car to her work? And the latter requiring as much as an hour more of her time to get her there? It is a commonplace of the movie realm. A very large majority of those who seek to make their way in this realm can afford nothing better than the street cars to get them over the great distances which lie between studios in the western metropolis. And out of her small earnings thus collected she is not only com-

Hollywood: Its Morals and Manners

pelled to provide herself with the various and expensive articles of make-up required but, most frequently, and especially in the case of the smaller studios, her costumes into the bargain. Yet all day, on any important set at any of the studios, you may find her in sufficient numbers to cause you to wonder, and in company of from one to five hundred of those who are less favored, waiting patiently about in order to be permitted to take part in some atmospheric ensemble which, once it is "shot" may never appear in the picture. (Before she is three months old in the work she knows, if she knows anything, that not only are not all "shots" taken used but that those who work in atmosphere are never, not even by accident, seen to advantage on the screen. The wise director and his assistants see to that. The star, the leads, and those who are so fortunate as to interpret important character bits are intentionally given all the worth-while positions and scenes.) Her purpose, of course, unless she chances to be otherwise cared for—which is often enough, ambition directing such a compromise—is to pay her way. Next to provide herself with the very necessary costumes which a future in this work demands. Also there is always the hope that in the process of such work, at sometime or other, she—her beauty, charm, some little thing which at any moment she may, by accident as it were, be called upon to do, may win her to the attention of somebody who at sometime or other in the future, may "do her some good" professionally speaking. Preferably this should be a director or a casting director. Yet if not one of these, then an assistant director or a cameraman, even—at least someone who, at sometime or other in the future, and when some other cast is being discussed, may say a good word for her. It would seem a little enough thing to hope for in so immense a realm as this, yet even these minor things are plainly looked upon by many as very great helps or stepping stones. So you may judge for yourself how strenuous the game really is.

Of course, the shrewd and determined seeker after fame, if not fortune, is not long in determining for herself the exact conditions and character of the contest in which she is involved. She measures to a nicety, after a time, the probabilities in her individual case as opposed to the probabilities in the cases of all the hundreds and even thousands of others whom she may chance to see in the course of a year or more. Out of this, by slow or swift degrees, comes the decision to persist or to abandon the grueling contest. If it is a decision to persist, then it is to some such life as this that I have described that she is at least willing to devote herself for a while longer, anyhow. And all the while, according to her

means, she will be doing her very best to improve herself in such ways as she can. Without any very noticeable breadth of mind, as a rule, you will find her to be a person who takes a very intense interest in clothes and herself as related to them. She haunts the shops of the hair-dressers and manicurists, the dressmakers and milliners, studying what they have to offer and what they can do for her, and little else. If, before coming here, she has not given the matter of dress and toilet that full and exquisite attention which they deserve in her case, you may well believe that before she is here three or at best six weeks she will. One glance about the studio set, filled as it usually is with atmosphereans of her own sex, and related ambitions, and she will sense most keenly in what direction her defects lie and, not unlikely, how they are to be remedied. Her skirt is not right—too long, too short, too full, too tight. Very well, she will fix that tomorrow. Her hair is not done just right. Where did she ever get the idea that to arrange it as she does now was best! There is another girl over there of much the same coloring and shape as herself, hair, eyes, head and all, and see how she does her hair. And how much more effective it is. Presto, that error has been disposed of forever. It will be the same with her manner of walking, her method of receiving and disposing of welcome or unwelcome attentions for superiors or inferiors, her manner of powdering, decorating her lips, her eyes, her hair. Or, reassured as to her own judgment in these matters and her charm, she will hold fast to what she has and knows, and smile serenely upon those who are plainly not so practised in these matters as is she. And keep her counsel, too. For what she has learned with difficulty she is by no means eager to impart. Let the others find out in the same hard school as did she. If still in doubt about anything, however, the utmost unrest, experiment and self criticism and inquiry of others will follow until, at last, she may have solved the very delicate and seemingly cobwebby problems to her satisfaction.

Now to the bystander, who is not interested in or cannot be made to understand the extreme difficulty encountered in registering photographically thoughts as well as emotions and beauty, all this might seem a matter of vanity. But not so. Those intense perturbations of soul—the veritable Golgotha sweats that follow upon uncertainty in regard to any the least of these things in the mind of the beginner. To her these things certainly mark all the difference between success and failure—that very immense success, no less, to which she so ardently aspires. Upon the primary intensity of her application to these same, as she sees it, her inmost grasp of their import, de-

pends much of the speed with which she will get on, other things being favorable, of course. Yet in addition, at first, as she well knows, the matter of mere externalities, also—the physical or dress impression she makes on casting directors, agents, directors, assistant directors, and others is of the utmost importance and so it is that she combines study of registration, mental and emotional, with care as to her more physical garb. For, in the main, and strange as it may seem, considering the fact that screen productions as well as those of the legitimate stage, are supposed to deal with all types of character and emotion, she is most anxious to be remembered as beautiful, feeling that that impression will not only get farther at first but at all times afterward. Later the ability to register the required moods will clinch this first impression and so save the day for her.

At this moment, then, literally hundreds of girls and women, for that matter, of the rarest beauty, to say nothing of emotional and dramatic sense, in many cases, business judgment, force, energy, tact and determination, are concentrating with a single-mindedness that would do credit to a Rockefeller or a Schwab, on the above problems. Deprivation, for the moment, is nothing. The tang and sting of the game makes up to them for that. Insults and annoyances are nothing. There are those, no doubt, who even like them. Compromise, if need be, is nothing. They will do anything, all to win, and then smile condescendingly upon those still in the môle, or who retire beaten, having scarcely the time or the spirit to assist any, even if they had the inclination. And if the truth were known, they would not, in many cases, spiritually wipe their feet upon the many who from time to time, in the course of their upward struggle, have compelled them to yield their favors for a price. It is a part of the cost in nearly all cases but not to be looked back upon in many cases with much pleasure. They took it into consideration at the opening of the contest.

Here and there, unquestionably, is a producer, a casting director, a director, etc., who would not, as a rule, disturb anyone, and who seeks only the merit that is necessary for the adequate representation of a given film. But for everyone such there are at least five who have no such ethical or commercial standards. They combine business with pleasure as much as they dare, and in not a few cases one might safely add, no pleasure, no business, at least for the more attractive beginner. It may seem a coarse and vulgar thing to report, but so it is. And happy the girl or woman who, a bargain being struck, is so fortunate as to find someone who will honestly endeavor to further her interests.

Now nothing could be further from the

Hollywood: Its Morals and Manners

purpose of these articles than to set up a sentimental defense of the assumed reserve and virtue of many who take up pictures as a profession. Neither is there any puritanic desire to condemn. By far the greater number of girls and women who essay this work know very well beforehand via hearsay or exact information the character of the conditions to be met. And if they do not know it beforehand, they could not be about the work a month before they would be aware of the general assumption of those connected with the work, the males in particular, of course, that all women connected with the work are potentially, if not actually, of easy virtue. Therefore, if they resent this and still linger about the scene, ambition or thirst, the responsibility is at least in part theirs. And a very large number linger, not only quite willingly, even tho they may possess ample means to go elsewhere if they choose, but they rather relish, I think, the very lively war that is here persistently on between the sexes. They are by no means innocents or lambs being led to the slaughter. And not a few relish the personal and emotional freedom which life in this realm provides. For most of those who eventually undertake the struggle are already mentally liberated from most of the binding taboos which govern in the social realms from which they emanate. And many of them have already long resented them. Anyone familiar with this realm could spin a long tale as to this. Nevertheless it is not to be doubted that here and there among the many who essay the work are a few who have not previously scented correctly the nature of the conditions. And others who, knowing of them, have either not been willing to believe or they have concluded that whatever the conditions they themselves are bomb proof and can make their way despite these conditions.

But they find it difficult, just the same—very—, and never doubt it. I have in mind, for instance, certain comedy producing masters and owners of studios who, apart from established character interpreters of a humorous turn who can make their way anywhere, of course, will give no opportunity to the novice of the female persuasion who is beautiful unless she is not married or, is most careful to conceal the fact. And what is more, even emotionally engaged applicants need not apply. Not that the work itself is of such a nature as to preclude its proper interpretation by one who chances to be so engaged but because these lords of these very petty domains are, Solomon-wise, determined to attach to their already extended harems (potentially, if not actually at the time) all those of sufficient charm who hope to prosper by their favor in any way. This may sound crude and exaggerated to a degree but I am here to

assure you that it is not. They want these beauties at their beck and call at all times, apparently, and for no other reason than that they prefer them socially even more than they do as screen workers and they cannot endure the thought of another who may by any chance have a prior claim. No immediate and willing response at any time, night or day, seemingly to their demands and there will be no more work for them in that studio. Crude? Exactly. But efficient. And I might add that any and all of those high-salaried and comfortable vice-snoopers, who are even now so busily engaged hailing before the courts of the land respectable publishers, to say nothing of serious authors whose only crime is that they seek *via* admirable letters to set forth pictures of the social state of the time, might better be engaged in bringing to light the truth of this, if only such truth were sensibly and honestly dealt with. But they are cautious and self-preserving as well as self-advantaging company, these same who have the morals of the country in charge. You will find them taking no note of what is here set forth, for the good and sufficient reason that it is far more dangerous to attack any of these barons of the movie realm than it is the average hard-pressed publisher and author of distinction. For the former have the means and the courage to make trouble for these snoopers. And would. Hence the wide berth given them by these same salary-hunting purists who will devote months and years even hounding to earth the less "well-heeled" but serious worker and publisher who can make no expensive and hence very damaging defense. If you are not prepared to believe this, I commend your attention to the undisturbed social conditions in the moving picture and theatrical worlds generally. Not that I desire to stir up trouble for these very worthy and thirst satisfying industries which are unquestionably meeting a wide public demand. But rather that the burden of enduring all of the petty and self-advantaging industry of the snoopers may, in part at least, be lifted from the shoulders of the hard-working author and his publisher.

But the above is a mere fact. There is the commonplace director of the smaller comedy and other film companies who, invariably and almost as a matter of course, makes overtures to every attractive worker who enters upon a set that he chances to be directing. Not that he thereby, and by reason of his position, is able to force himself into the good graces of those who chance to fall within the range of his authority as that, in many instances, he makes it all but a condition of further employment under him that something be done by the worker of physical charm to assuage his very emotional and yearning temperament. It seems a

little petty to say the least, especially where the worker in question has secured the brief employment in question by the most arduous and persistent industry and where the salary connected with the work, and especially for the brief time that work is to be had anywhere on any set, is entirely incommensurate with the ability and service required. Yet so it is. And you may hear some of the very comfortable employers of labor in this sense laughing over or boasting their several conquests the while at other moments, yet in the same connection, they may be heard denouncing such and such a worker thus used in the past as a this or a that. It might be a little amusing if it were not quite so drastic.

Then there are the casting directors of some of these institutions—not all of them, by any means, I must hasten to add—who are not above selling opportunities to the needy, or at least the fame-hungry among those who apply to them and who chance to take their fancy, for a return of a pleasurable nature to them, of course. Not that all of them have so very much in the way of an opportunity to offer to anyone. Or, that those for whom they bid do not, in many cases, know that. Or, that they succeed so very often. I do not think they do—certainly not in the cases of the more exceptional of their applicants—at least, not often. Yet notwithstanding, there is this type of overture about. And there is the type of aspirant who is not above advantaging herself in this rather shabby fashion. Around the meaner type of studio I have good reason to know that they are very common. The illusion or vain hope is that it will do them good "artistically." The thing takes on a disgusting look at times. But so do aspects of certain other professions—nearly all of them. Yet there is no one in the profession today who does not know that sex in one form and another is the principal and hence the determining factor in the rise of most of those of beauty among the women who hope to go far. And that there have been and will yet be many compromises of a decidedly sordid character in order that screen success may be attained. The most irritating features of the whole thing tho, really, are these constant and decidedly brazen overtures on the part of so many who are among the humblest of the attaches—the general assumption on the part of so many call-boys, camera-men, assistant directors, and who not else, that all of those who work in this realm are of easy virtue and that their favors are among the rightful perquisites of those who work about the studios or in the profession, even. Also, that unless they submit they should be made to pay the penalty of ostracism. It sounds a little wild to the outsider of more conventional views, but so it is, just the same.

Carl Sandburg

(Continued from page 41)

If one cannot place him in a school, and can only vaguely trace the literary influences that shaped his work, it is a simpler matter to apprehend the real growth of the man. The irruption of "Chicago Poems" placed him forthwith as the singer of the cities. Who, before or since, has so clearly visualized the

"Hog Butcher for the World,
Tool Maker, Stack of Wheat,
Player with Railroads and the Nation's
Freight Handler;
Stormy, husky, brawling,
City of the Big Shoulders?"

Not even Masters, for all his lawyer-like feel for cause and effect, and his eager psychologizing, has put down with such a rough tenderness the lives of those who

"... work, broken and smothered, for
bread and wages,
To eat dust in their throats and die
empty-hearted
For a little handful of pay on a few
Saturday nights."

None else saw with such painful intensity the dark behind the mill doors, the way of the shovel-man, the ice-handler, the teamster. Not even Whitman knew the militant pacifism of this man, beholding sixteen million men,

"Fixed in the drag of the world's heart-
break,
Eating and drinking, toiling . . . on a
long job of killing.
Sixteen million men."

There is something in these "Chicago Poems" bigger than Chicago—a hint that is to be fulfilled increasingly in the two succeeding volumes. Even now the poet who sees the agony and the restlessness of the cities, sees also how cities pass. This book is good because it is the key to Carl Sandburg, not because it is his final word. But it holds his pity and his irony, his vigor and his wistfulness; his sensuous delight in the colored etchings of the streets and the beauty of laughing faces and of women dancing; his contempt for the line of least resistance, for ease and peace and plenty.

Take his poem about a fence, his poem called "Style" the one on "Losses," and the poem called "Graves." The first is a picture of the iron fence around the stone house on the lake front.

"As a fence, it is a masterpiece, and will shut off the rabble and all vagabonds and hungry men and children looking for a place to play.

Passing thru the bars and over the steel points will go nothing except
Death and the Rain and Tomorrow."

The poem called "Style" is effectively

vulgar and vigorous, Sandburg's serene assertion of himself:

"Kill my style
and you break Pavlova's legs,
and you blind Ty Cobb's batting eye."

"Losses" holds the essence of another quality in the poet, a quality that sometimes lapses into sentimentality, but that is a sure foil to his social preoccupation and his hard humor. And finally, "Graves":

"I dreamed one man stood against a
thousand,
One man damned as a wrongheaded fool.
One year and another he walked the
streets,
And a thousand shrugs and hoots
Met him in the shoulders and mouths he
passed.

He died alone
And only the undertaker came to his
funeral.

Flowers grow over his grave anod in
the wind,
And over the graves of the thousand, too.
The flowers grow anod in the wind.

Flowers and the wind,
Flowers anod over the graves of the
dead,
Petals of red, leaves of yellow, streaks
of white,
Masses of purple sagging. . . .
I love you and your great way of for-
getting."

It is this awareness of time's indifference to the human struggle, taken together with Sandburg's share in that struggle, which makes him the figure that he is. And it is this larger note that is struck repeatedly in his recent work, without, however, weakening his sense of the human scene.

Cornhuskers did for the prairie what the first book did for the town. It is chiefly worth while for its indication of the humor that was to fill the next book with a low rumbling laughter. But it is, on the whole, less vivid, less concise, less powerful than either the earlier volume or the one that was to succeed it.

It is in "Smoke and Steel" that Sandburg tells us what manner of man he is. There is a calm vision of history here, touched with the charm of his mellow wit, that is peculiarly his own. The craps-shooters of Chaldea and the dreaming Carolingians jostle the children of the Aztec gods. There is a sad knowledge of the dreary routine of telephone girls and policemen and farmwomen; a quick glimpse of the lives of Anna Held and Jack London; a working at the thoughts of the hangman and the man who sells

"knucks" to scabs; the noise of Eleventh Avenue and of Rivington Street, of Mississippi steamboats crying, and the tramp of buffaloes, passing. There is a crimson flash here that "none of the shifting winds that whip the grass and none of the pounding rains that beat the dust know how to touch or find." And there is a poem called "North Atlantic" which gives him in two words:

"The sea is always the same:
and yet the sea always changes.

The sea gives all,
and yet the sea keeps something
back . . .

I am kin of the changer.

I am a son of the sea
and the sea's wife, the wind."

The Inevitable Postponement

The announcement of the winner of the 1921 Fame and Fortune Contest has had to be postponed. The contest manager and his secretary, and all the office force, to say nothing of the judges, worked night and day to avoid this contingency, but to no purpose. But think what their task is! The little jobs that Hercules undertook at various times in his mythological career pale into insignificance beside the burden of picking the one most beautiful and intelligent girl out of thirty-five thousand, or more, beautiful and intelligent girls. At least two thousand pictures poured into the office the last week in August. And as the office of the contest manager is only about as big as an automobile, he has scarcely dug himself out yet.

Every picture received in this contest is handled at least four different times. Think what that means on the last week's supply alone. They are received by the contest manager, who unwraps them and files them. They are then gone thru by the editorial judges to select the monthly honor rolls. Then a committee of contest judges goes thru them to select those they think worthy a screen test. They are then arbitrarily gone thru a third time, just to be sure no picture has been overlooked.

After the impossibilities are weeded out, those that remain are gone thru again and again, and all this takes time. The judges are still examining the most promising photographs and test films. It is impossible to hurry their decision. It is too important for haste.

We very much regret the delay and quite understand the disappointment of the contestants but it was unavoidable.

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The Summons

(Continued from page 49)

—quickly—for I think—(she gasps) he'll be here now—very soon—

GRANDMA O'DAY:

(*Whimpering as she brings a piece of broken mirror and a noose of scarlet ribbon.*) Annie, ye should not be thinkin' o' the vanities now, my girl. The good father said . . .

ANNIE:

(*With a wave of her hand piteous in its effort at flippancy.*) Och and ochone—but the white cheeks o' me! He would kiss the pink back in them. Grandma! And the tossed locks o' me, tangled as briar thorn. Twist in the noose, Grandma, that I may look as I looked last Maying—(*Still whimpering, the old woman bends above the bed and adjusts the flagrant ribbon in the tangled tresses.*)

GRANDMA:

(*Thru her weeping.*) There, there, my dearie, 'tis fine you're looking! But as for Shawn's coming—how could he—Annie-heart? There's no-one has told him you're ailing, and even if he knew they'd never be letting him come to you, you know—

ANNIE:

(*Trustfully, as she composes herself upon the pillow, with a certain air of coquetry terrible in its futility.*) He knows. He heard me callin', and he'll come. He promised me on our first trysting night when I pledged him my word that he'd come to me if ever I should need him, tho he be on the hither side o' hell.

(*The peat logs fall to with a crash. Grandma O'Day tries to mend the dead fire; then, weary, sinks onto the settle.*)

GRANDMA:

(*Drowsily.*) Ah and well—said he so? Then we'll wait for him together, alanna.

(*The decent white cap nods. The old woman is asleep. Outside the wind screams like a human voice, and down the cobbled lane sound footsteps, sure and slow. Annie, on her pillow, groans tense and listens. A figure passes the window wrapped in a great coat, with long unkempt black hair tossed by the wind.*)

ANNIE:

(*In a whisper.*) "Was not so he came to me—before . . .

(*The door opens. In the uneasy light of the candle is seen a man with a gawnt and wasted face shining, now, with a wonderful flame of love. He strides to the bed, flings himself on his knees beside it, and clasps the girl in his arms.*)

SHAWN:

Annie! My own! My own!

ANNIE:

(*With a sob of joy.*) Shawn—I knew ye'd come—I knew—I knew—

(*They hold one another silently and long. Full long are they past words or the need of them. On the settle the old woman sleeps on, nodding and swaying in jerks.*)

ANNIE:

(*At last, wistfully.*) Shawn, I'm sore sick, and they do be saying I'm going to die. Tell me, Heart in my Breast, I'll not be lavin' you?

SHAWN:

(*In a steady voice.*) You'll not be lavin' me, Annie, darlint. We'll never be parted more.

ANNIE:

(*More faintly.*) Say what I've hungered to hear you say, for long and for lee.

SHAWN:

(*In the same steady voice.*) Macushla, I love you, world without end—

ANNIE:

(*Prompting him.*) And you—say it. Shawn, you would die for me, Alanna . . .

SHAWN:

Dyin' is easy—I would do a greater thing than dyin' for you, my dearie.

ANNIE:

(*Still more faintly.*) How dark 'tis growing . . . Kiss me, Shawn, and maybe I'll sleep a bit . . .

(*They kiss. As their lips meet and hold, Michael O'Shaunsey's tragic face appears an instant at the window and then is gone.*)

ANNIE:

(*Dreamily.*) And never ye'll leave me again, lad, world without end—

SHAWN:

(*His mouth covering hers.*) World without end, my dearie, world without end, amen . . .

ANNIE:

(*Barely speaking.*) Belovest . . .

SHAWN:

(*Very far away.*) Aushla macree . . .
(*The room is silent save for the heavy breathing of the old woman and the outerly wail of the wind. Then there comes the insistent clamor of trampling feet and loud voices.*)

MICHAEL:

(*Outside.*) I tell ye, Constable, it was Shawn O'Day and no other!

MAN'S VOICE:

(*Violently.*) An' I tell ye, fool, it couldn't be!

FATHER DONOVAN'S VOICE:

Let me go first, my sons. Shawn's wife, Annie, lies at death's door, and 'tis like the seven of this rabble would kill her. In the name of the Blessed Mary, let me enter alone.

(*The flare of many torches comes redly thru the windows, and then the door is opened and a group of people is seen, among them two officers of the King. The priest enters first while the others wait on the threshold. In the red glare Shawn O'Day and his wife are seen, breast to breast, mouth to mouth, he kneeling over her as she lies upon her pillow. Both are very still. The priest stares down at them, then touches Shawn's shoulder.*)

FATHER DONOVAN:

Shawn, my poor lad—(*his tone changes as the figure does not stir.*) Shawn! (*He lays his hand on the man's forehead, then on the girl's and slowly makes the sign of the cross between them. Steps back and turning around, faces the group in the door.*) God has been merciful, my friends.

CONSTABLE:

(*Springing into the room, followed by the crowd.*) You mean, they're—

FATHER DONOVAN:

(*Bowing his head solemnly.*) Both long beyond your reach, Constable.

THE SECOND OFFICER:

(*Triumphantly.*) Didn't I tell you my rifle got him while he was climbing down the jail wall? But I could a' sworn it took him fair in the breast and 'twas a dead man struck the ground—

THE OTHER OFFICER:

(*With a jeering laugh.*) Aye, and when you roused the place and we went to look for your corpse—'twas gone! Your marksmanship needs mendin', young feller, me lad!

(*Together they take Shawn's body and lay it on the floor. The first officer kneels beside it, jerking the coat aside. Suddenly he gives a hoarse shout, and staggers to his feet, pointing down.*)

THE FIRST OFFICER:

(*In a shaken voice.*) The bullet went straight thru his heart. The man who fled from the jail two hours ago was dead before ever he touched the ground.

(*They stare at each other in awe as Father Donovan raises his hand in the sign of the cross, and the curtain drops down.*)



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Preston Dickinson

(Continued from page 11)

struggle for supremacy, a strong desire for success and a nervous unrest that cannot be escaped in a commercial age; every canvas testifies to scientific experiment, and many reflect an artistic attempt to subordinate this experiment to the higher elements of the spirit. Self-criticism, the saving asset of the true painter, finds its stimulus in psychology instead of the obsolete diction of poetry. The so-called strangeness of modern art results from two causes: in the first place, the public, swamped by the cheapness of current illustration, is ignorant of the qualities of significant work; and in the second, technical methods relating to the new aspects of light and color, which have been in the process of evolution for a generation, have reached an intensity hitherto unknown. No individual, of course, embodies all the forces of his time, but Preston Dickinson is an excellent and characteristic example of the vigorous spirit that informs the art of the present.

Born in New York in 1889, he is not only one of the youngest representatives of the disturbing plastic revival in America, but also one of the most talented. He says that so far back as he can remember, he has been addicted to drawing in one manner or another, and that he can think of little about himself worth relating except an impulsive, undisciplined and ceaseless devotion to painting. He attended the Art Students' League for several years, and at the age of twenty-two received academic honors. He is not proud of those honors now, and he confesses that he soon outgrew them. A week at Julien's, in Paris, where the noise was worse than the instruction, turned him forever against conventional institutions; henceforward he pursued his own course and studied the secrets of many masters, both old and new. After a thorow assimilation of Impressionism, he became temporarily dissatisfied, and unwilling to continue the more or less literal imitation of nature as exemplified in the group headed by Monet and Pissarro, he went back to the very beginnings of tri-dimensional art. He was attracted to the Primitives and the early Italians, especially Giotto, from whom he gained his first insight into design. The Spanish influence came later and was destined to change the whole trend of his progress; in fact, so strongly was he impressed by El Greco, that in his recent pictures, his landscapes done in brilliant color, one may readily detect some of the compositional devices of the old Spanish genius.

Inasmuch as the modern movement originated in France, it was to be expected that he should derive liberal inspiration from foreign sources. He has studied to good advantage the structural problems of art as solved in the work of Cézanne, Matisse and Picasso. These men have helped him in many ways—he has mastered some of the processes of simplification, learned the dangers and merits of abstraction and

enriched his palette. But Mr. Dickinson did not expatriate himself and try to compete with the Frenchmen on their own ground; he returned to America and joined a small band of hopeful young painters who are determined to achieve productions of permanent value. Like his associates, he has met with many discouragements—unintelligent critical abuse and popular misunderstanding—but the audience for good work is steadily increasing and the signs point to a substantial future. Each season brings the allegiance of one or more galleries; even the academies are opening their doors, and the canvases of Mr. Dickinson may be seen in most of the important exhibitions. Tho born and reared in the city, he prefers the country, and lives at present in Valley Stream, Long Island. He insists that he is happily unmarried.

Impressionism, with all its faults, has contributed much to contemporary painting. It has become a habit among the exponents of more radical art to spurn this school. Such an attitude is an indication of narrowness and self-satisfaction. It is true that the lesser disciples of Monet wandered from the legitimate aims of the leader into a laboriously mechanical delineation of natural objects, but we must not, for this reason, overlook the good in the movement. Thru it the artistic vision was rehabilitated, and the potentialities of broken color faithfully explored. Its weakness lay in its lack of formal unity; in other words, in its fundamental neglect of design. In his student days Mr. Dickinson adopted the Impressionistic method in the treatment of light and shade; that is, the enlivening of every inch of the canvas with variations of the spectrum. It was a captivating practice and, tho he subsequently abandoned it, along with most of his associates, it is not strange that, in his later experiments with form, he should be tempted to make every possible use of his early acquisition.

The usual step from Impressionism, which is technically no more than the animation of natural tones by means of color, into the study of form, is to enlarge and at the same time to limit definitely the color patches originally established with the single intention of attaining the vibration of real light. This step Mr. Dickinson has long since taken, and in most instances his color-areas, however small, are precise in shape and suggestive of purpose—of design.

His leanings towards the Primitives are manifested in a most commendable fashion. A number of the modern painters, overwhelmed by the disorders of society, have tried to throw themselves into a primitive frame of mind. These men have failed to perceive that art is nothing if not the spiritual utterance of its time, and that no imaginative power will enable them to produce spontaneously the naïve creations of archaic civilizations. Their viewpoint is childish and decadent: instead of an-

alyzing the ancient art and applying it to their own needs, they copy it, and solemnly send forth drawings that are not only insupportably crude, but utterly meaningless in the complex life of today. Such men, of course, have nothing to say.

Mr. Dickinson inclines to the Persians; he has cultivated this interest for some time, and the influence of the old miniature painters is discernible in a good deal of his present work, particularly in the disposition of his color-spaces, where the decorative value of the contrasts is considered more important than mere vibration. The Persian influence is dangerous to the immature artist; it leads easily into the dead flatness of pure ornamentation and in servile hands results in a mechanical patternmaking. Mr. Dickinson is saved by the activity of the many smaller forms intervening and binding together the dominating color-spaces of his pictures. This method of composing—to a certain extent rectilinear—is conducive to great activity and may be traced thru the Cubists to Cézanne and ultimately to El Greco. It consists in a minute examination of the structural units, in order that each form rendered will present at least two facets which can be dovetailed into preceding and succeeding forms. By this architectural scheme a chain of connections is incorporated into the composition, and the many angles, sharply drawn and running counter to each other, give the lines an exceptional velocity.

Mr. Dickinson has not completely conquered his chosen method. Frequently his pictures, in spite of the intricate weaving of the lines, appear disjointed, or more exactly, like tapestries wherein the constituent blocks are inserted without sequential relation. The individual parts are invariably solid, well-conceived, and designed to fulfil the laws of equilibrium, but the balance is sometimes too symmetrical, and the effect of unity is lost in suspended and incoherent masses. This condition arises from the absence of those large compositional lines which must be felt in every canvas to insure rhythmical sweep, dignity and satisfying order.

His art is high strung and brilliant. His most sober studies bear evidence of his close contact with American life, and are stamped with nervous energy. His struggles for composed expression are often too apparent, but he is still young and his work is steadily growing more robust and sustained. He is unquestionably one of our finest colorists, and his landscapes executed in an original spectrum scale are both distinguished and exciting. Lately his zeal for pure pigment has been beautifully tempered by the subtle introduction of grey tones. Those critics, who have said that modern art is an isolated development and that no one cares to live with it, are cheerfully referred to Mr. Dickinson. He is one of the few men worth while.

The Land of the Disappearing Bed

(Continued from page 58)

they fly like clay pigeons released from the traps.

A full length mirror, imbedded in the wall, just misses crushing you as it tumbles down and reveals its ostermorgel appendix. Out from the doors of a buffet shoots another, almost putting you to sleep before you intended by knocking you behind the knees. The lounge at the window then disgorges its linen.

Of course as you become more experienced you get so you can tell just about where a bed lies. It may be ambushed under the bookcase or the buffet, behind a wall mirror or submerged in a couch. It slides out, rolls down or disgorges, according to its species.

"See," exclaims my landlady seizing a portion of the wainscot just below the bookshelves. "Your bed pulls out. And the nice part of it is you can pull it around any place you want to."

Now that is convenience. You can tie it to a chain and take it out for an airing, thus consoling yourself for the lack of a dog. Or the children can use it for a roller coaster. The first time I slept in my Houdini bunk I neglected to pull it clear out. In the morning when I awoke I had the sensation of being in my coffin. My nose, which ordinarily is an outstanding feature of splendid Roman architecture, was as depressed as an Eskimo's. Later I became injured so I could slip in most any place without worry or discomfort. At the outset, however, I advise you to take every precaution in studying the combination of your couch, particularly in the earthquake season when you are liable to be jarred so far under your encyclopedias or soup tureens—depending on whether your bed is buffet or bookcase—that the morning finds you a wafer.

While the ingrowing bed is not exclusively a California efflorescence, it has been developed more profusely and variously here than in any other locality I have visited. Every modern apartment has at least one secreted about its person. In time, I believe, it will be considered just as indiscreet to show your bed as your—well, say, your distillery.

It would be impossible to cite all the unusual and charming features of a winter in California, but if I have saved one soul from a disillusionment or a deathbed, I shall feel well repaid for my modest effort. In a forthcoming issue, perhaps, I may be able to offer you a close-up of Hollywood, a story in itself. At any rate, every one hundred per cent. American owes it to himself to make a pilgrimage to the American Mecca—the land of sunshine, flowers, cafeterias, movies, murders and disappearing beds.

Was it Avery Hopwood or Amelie Rives who said that all the troubles in the world start around beds? If this be true, come to Los Angeles and see your troubles disappear.



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Now we have ways to combat it. Able authorities have proved them by many careful tests. Modern dentists urge their daily use.

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These things are essential.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

Watch all the effects, then read the reasons for them in the book we send. It will bring to your home a new era in teeth cleaning. Cut out the coupon now.

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Lines o'

Beauty



WE know a woman who exclaims, frequently: "I like to smell good perfume but," lifting her eyebrows languidly, and with a trace of aloof condescension, "I never use any myself."

Possibly, she means it. Possibly she may not be one of those women who can make perfume cling to their clothes and person and seem a part of themselves. But she needn't be patronizing about it. A woman no more loses charm thru a clever use of scent than she gains it by lacking that equally mysterious thing called style. Too much of either is inevitably vulgar. For fragrance, and the many and varied uses of fragrance are things of more psychological suggestion than a certain type of drawing, a stage setting of rich color or a Schnitzler comedy.

Smell is the most poignant of the senses. Its memories are keener and more lasting. We all remember the story of Conrad, who, questing for his youth felt it rush back upon him at the odor of a certain flower forever associated with the first woman he had loved. No experience which, like Moore's vase has "the scent of the roses," it may be lilacs or violets, to "cling round it still," can quite be forgotten. Juliet did not say that "a rose by any other name would look as lovely." She said it "would smell as sweet." For Juliet was wise for her years and, being in love, spoke with the tongue of poetry.

The power of scent is a dangerous thing and requires more careful handling than Venetian glass or the temperament of an expensive movie star. Perfume may be dainty, fascinating, spiritual, or it may be vulgar, sensual, disgusting. The rose, the heliotrope, allures with it. Other flowers, tho beautiful, repel. But it is always feminine. Aside from talcum powder, shaving lotion and tobacco, it has no place with men. They may profit as much as women by careful grooming, by a charming manner and social grace, but never by being scented. There is no good reason for this that we can put into words. But there is no good reason for many things. Having one's income tax investigated, for instance; Eugene O'Brien's crooked little smile; the

lure of Theda Bara's eyes, to which we must succumb.

To be skilfully scented is an art, a cult, a mystery, demanding time, thought and patience. It is camouflage—and what art is greater?

"The touch of rouge, the scent that clings,
The curl that grew not where it swings—
The low, sweet laugh of badinage
That's camouflage!"

The use of scent does not mean a splash of perfume—any kind at all without consideration for its strength or flavor—upon the handkerchief or blouse. Neither does it mean spasmodic periods of pungency interspersed by scentlessness.

Galsworthy adds the last touch of sordidness to an unpleasant heroine when he drenches her with cheap perfume amid uncleanness. It would have been more to the point, tho less temperamental, perhaps, to have treated her to a bath, fresh clothes, clean scalp and hair!

Perfect cleanliness comes first. And then, if you want another fragrance, make it an individual one—a subtle, elusive, indescribable thing that's a part of your personality—an unchangeable essence of yourself to those who know and love you. This means that you are not to buy a perfume simply because you like it. Study yourself. Are you spicy, independent, like the carnation? Are you rich in sympathy like the rose? Are you a dainty, lavender, lily of the valley sort of person—or are you the exotic type that needs a heavy perfume like sandalwood and musk?

And be careful about using too much. Just a drop on your hair, your eyebrows or across your lips or throat. If you use sachet, make little bags of satin filled with absorbent cotton generously sprinkled with sachet and sew them in your blouse.

Quite recently we have learned from our sisters in France a more general use of sachet than we have had of late years in this country. Over there it is used in the bed linen—just a bit of it between the sheets as they lie on the shelves of the linen-closet. And it is now being used that way in America.

The Frenchwoman, too, puts little bags of her individual sachet with all her



The Motion Picture Magazine

DECEMBER

Elinor Glyn has spent several months in Hollywood.

It will be interesting to hear her impressions of the life lived there—the youth that has flocked there in droves—

These impressions, together with many others—all vitally interesting—appear in the December MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, under the title—

"The Altar of Alcohol"

There is a story of some desert folk and their awakened interest in the world beyond the cacti and sands when they come to know the motion picture.

Adele Whitely Fletcher has written a word-portrait of Gloria Swanson—another Gloria from the one you have always known. "Instead of the Silken Gloria" will prove most interesting—

There are novelizations of forthcoming photoplays, including the new Pola Negri production, "One Arabian Night," especially attractive portraits and informal pictures, and an interview with Priscilla Dean by Herbert Howe.

In fact, the December Motion Picture Magazine is replete with good things.

dainty underwear. She sews them to the inside of her bodice. She sifts it on the soft folds of her chiffon scarf as it lies folded in her bureau drawer. A pinch goes in her boudoir cap—a dash of it in the box where her kid gloves are kept. She uses just a bit on her body—a flake behind her ears, a brush of it across the palm of her hand, just a suspicion of it about her neck before she puts on her fur scarf. And the Frenchwoman does this as perfectly, as artistically as she does everything else. It is never overdone.

A pleasant fancy is to select a delicate, suitable perfume and to match it in powder and sachet. In fact, it is possible to get the same odor in soaps, creams, powders and perfumes right down the entire list of toilet preparations.

There is a new *parfumeur* in America who is offering to us perfumes in a manner distinctly Parisian. In Paris before and during the war his shop was the choice of beauty and fashion. Women of the Continent's exclusive circles—women from the court of Russia—in the days when Russia had a court, sought the *parfumeur* of France, a creator of fragrances irresistible. Traveling Americans, too, found sweetness there.

But now a trip to France is not necessary. The new establishment here has brought to Madame l'Americaine all the delicious perfumes loved by the discerning Parisian. And the *parfumeur*, an artist in his line, proclaims, gallantly, that every woman is like a perfume. And to express herself in her own individual sweetness—just as she expresses herself in gowns and colors—that is her duty—he implores.

And with these perfumes, there is a powder to match. Fine, soft and adherent—a quality that every gentlewoman demands. And they are exactly the right tint for Milady, brunette, creamy or shell pink—alluring in romantic fragrance.

In the dainty, gracefully designed bottles are imprisoned the rarest bouquets of all the world. Perfumes soft and seductive, perfumes exotic and colorful—perfumes to suit every personality.

In the beautifully lined boxes are the powders that give the magic touch of beauty so dearly expressive of gladsome France. And the perfume burners, in lovely porcelain and painted glass, in futurist and other design are the last touch in luxury for Milady's boudoir, for her living-room or den. It is said that these perfume burners softly lighted and possessing a continual spray will soothe away headaches, weariness and nervous strain. Surely they add a touch of distinction to every room they grace.

To find the perfume that truly expresses one's soul—to find the secret of personal fragrance should not be difficult in these days of modern magic.

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New York

Urban, of the Opera, the "Follies," and the Films

(Continued from page 39)

At his first view, he exclaimed, "Ad-
vertising posters! The best of their kind
in America today, perhaps. But how
much more can be done!"

Next day, he elaborated his reactions
in these words: "I see great possibilities
in the 'Follies.' I hope most of all to
unify the impression of all these short
scenes, to give the entire evening a kind
of keynote. I do not expect the people
who come to see the 'Follies' next year
to think consciously about these things.
I prefer that they do not. What I wish
them to do is to go away with a brilliant
and vivid impression of the whole even-
ing and of some of the most striking
of the stage pictures as a keynote of the
whole.

"I am so glad," he said to me after we
had discussed the wisdom of his decision,
"that you do not think this new work I
have chosen is beneath me. Most of my
friends in Boston think I should remain
with the serious and poetic drama and
opera. But I do not see why it isn't
worth while to do anything well. I be-
lieve you can make your fun and your
pleasure and your diversions artistic as
well as your more serious plays. In
America you have seemed to feel that
you must do serious things seriously, but
that you can do things meant for pastime
very carelessly. That ought not to be so.
You ought to take just as much care in
providing your fun as you do your educa-
tion. I think Mr. Ziegfeld believes in
doing things thoroly, no matter what the
cost, and that is why I believe that I shall
get along with him splendidly."

Today, after six years of association
with Ziegfeld and with the opportunity
to obtain a perspective of his work, Urban
should have something interesting to say
concerning the oldest of our annual pagan
revels—and he has.

"As I look back to the time when I
first talked to you about the 'Follies,' I
he confessed to me, "I feel that they have
become very much less artistic than they
were, altho as a show they have grown
to be much bigger and much better. The
importance which was given during
earlier years to the artistic side and
especially to the scenery and lighting has
been subordinated to a desire for over-
gorgeousness. As a result of this lavish
adornment, the 'Follies' today, some-
times, arouse almost degenerate reactions.

"I hope, tho, that there will soon be a
reaction from these flashy standards, and
that perhaps in the future the real 'Fol-
lies' will become a thing of simplicity,
taste and beauty. It is because, I believe,
that this reaction must come and because
I have faith that Mr. Ziegfeld is shrewd
enough to foresee its necessity, that I am
still interested in them. One of the most
secure assurances for the future of the
'Follies' lies in the fact that they are so
profitable and bring in so much money
that a correspondingly large amount can
be spent on them. All kinds of experi-
ments, therefore, can be made with them.

In spite of these facts and my continued
interest in the 'Follies,' I have seriously
considered giving them up to some other
artist, both last season and this, but when
it came to the actual decision neither Mr.
Ziegfeld nor I could think of a 'Follies'
without our collaboration.

"Since 1915, there have been many ups
and downs with the 'Follies,' but there has
been one result of which I cannot help
feeling proud. Americans today realize
that only artists, and really good artists
with a wide range of experience, can de-
sign scenery. I believe that partially thru
my efforts the standard of stage produc-
tion and scenic setting has been brought
up to such a level that every producer
who can afford to do so will try to employ
real artists for his productions."

It is almost inconceivable that Urban
has been able to sandwich several other
light musical productions in between his
work for Ziegfeld and the Opera, but
hardly a year has passed without such a
proof of his fecundity and tireless activity.
This season, therefore, he has pro-
vided the settings for Henry W. Savage's
revival of Franz Lehar's master musical
comedy of multitudinous memories, "The
Merry Widow," and he is to do the set-
tings for the new Lehar piece, "The Blue
Mazur," as well as for a new Charles
Dillingham production, with book by
William LeBaron and score by Victor
Jacobi, at present entitled "The Love
Letter."

One of the most surprising feats that
Joseph Urban or any other artist has
ever undertaken was his decision a little
over a year ago to assume the responsi-
bility of production manager of a motion
picture studio in addition to his other
duties in the opera and the theater. The
exodus from the theater to the motion
picture has reached formidable propor-
tions, but seldom has anyone tried to
super-impose thoroughgoing service in the
newer craft upon his accustomed activi-
ties in the old.

What is still more, he has entered the
field of the silver screen with a dogged
determination to make it expressive, as
an art form. With the same patient view
he takes regarding reform at the Metro-
politan and the future of the "Follies,"
he is approaching his new-found profes-
sion. When he entered it, he realized that
he would have no tools with which to
work if he dismissed his entire staff at
once, but little by little he has been mak-
ing it over to measure up to its revolu-
tionary demands. The arrival from over-
seas last spring of the futurist motion
picture, "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari,"
proved to be just the concrete incentive
he needed to make clear to his co-workers
the goal toward which he was striving.

"The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" is the
most extraordinary production I have
ever seen in motion pictures," he said to
me. "In the midst of its narrative, it is
far more exciting and gripping than any

(Continued on page 74)

Motion Picture CLASSIC —FOR— DECEMBER

Interviews and stories and pictures galore!

Herbert Howe writes about that colorful individual, Rudolph Valentino.

Jewel Carmen is the subject of a word-picture by Capitola Williams Ashworth.

The personality story of Norma Talmadge is given by Adele Whitely Fletcher.

A new feature is the page of advanced Winter Fashions, posed by famous stars.

Mary Pickford's new picture, "Little Lord Fauntleroy," is told in short-story form. And there are the fictionized versions of Corinne Griffith's and Hope Hampton's new screen productions.

Owen Moore and Katherine Perry, who, since their marriage, are receiving a double portion of popularity, are interviewed by Lillian Montanye for December CLASSIC.

A whole constellation of stars, leading men and women and ingenues!

Several pages of delightful gossip news about the people of Filmland, accompanied by the newest pictures.

From cover to cover, a fascinating, colorful number—ready for you by the 15th of November.

The December Number
of Motion Picture
CLASSIC

George Russell: "A. E."

(Continued from page 35)

to Ireland and the Irish spirit. And when the other day he pleaded for the soul of Ireland and its independence, he did so without exciting any antagonism, and, when he condemned the "Black and Tans," he persuaded even imperialistic Englishmen that their emissaries were intolerable and not to be endured. In the same way, his condemnation of Kipling was final. I may be permitted to quote a few lines of it, as it agrees curiously with my opinion set forth many years ago:

You have blood of our race in you. I have heard, indeed, Ireland is your mother's land, and you, may, perhaps, have some knowledge of Irish sentiment. You have offended against one of our noblest literary traditions in the manner in which you have published your thoughts....

You, brother, have withheld your fears for your country and mine until they could yield you a profit in two continents....

You are not in want. You are the most successful man of letters of your time, and yet you are not above making profit out of the perils of your country....

I have lived all my life in Ireland, holding a different faith from that held by the majority....

I resent the cruelty with which you, a stranger, speak of the most lovable and kindly people I know.

His poetry is just as simple, but there is every now and then a new cadence in it or an artless appeal that is really enchanting. I must give one poem, "Affinity."

You and I have found the secret way,
None can bar our love or say us nay;
All the world may stare and never know
You and I are twined together so.

You and I, for all his vaunted width,
Know the giant Space is but a myth;
Over miles and miles of pure deceit
You and I have found our lips can meet.

You and I have laughed the leagues apart
In the soft delight of heart to heart.
If there's a gulf to meet or limit set,
You and I have never found it yet.

You and I have trod the backward way
To the happy heart of yesterday,
To the love we felt in ages past.
You and I have found it still to last.

You and I have found the joy had birth
In the angel childhood of the earth,
Hid within the heart of man and maid,
You and I of Time are not afraid.

You and I can mock his fabled wing,
For a kiss is an immortal thing.
And the throbs wherein those old lips met
Is a living music in us yet.

George Russell stands forever beside Willie Yeats as the noblest and sweetest spirit of the Irish renaissance who has made our time memorable.

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So they wait: the three,
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which we want you to have. It tells how to criticize and enjoy the movies. If followed carefully, it will add to your powers of discernment and make you a first-class critic. It also contains a code, and many notes on which you can mark down every play you see and tell just why you liked it or why you didn't. When you have filled the book you will prize it. We want every reader to have one, so we have made the price to *cents*.

It will help you to remember who the great players and directors are, and then you will look for them again, and want to read about them.

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The PHOTO CRAFTSMAN DANVERS, MASS.



Urban, of the Opera, the "Follies," and the Films

(Continued from page 72)

expression I have ever witnessed in any modern artistic medium. A quality of nightmare invades the screen. When Dr. Caligari and his sleep-walker appear in their costumes and make-up and when the story begins to race from one crime to another, then the wild, distorted settings form a perfect background for insane characters and events. I can hardly wait until the time is ripe for producing in like manner the works of our own immortal Poe.

"The attempt to convey the impression of strange moods by the use of abstract rather than realistic backgrounds is not the only new experiment in art. There is a longing thruout the world for new forms and new manners of esthetic expression. Fritz Kreisler, one of the sanest of modern musicians, told me on his recent return from Europe that one day as he was sitting passively listening to the opera of Richard Strauss, 'The Woman Without a Shadow,' there came to him from the music such feelings as he had never before experienced. Sometimes it seemed like a suffocating odor. Sometimes it brought the feeling of coolness. He watched the audience, wondering whether, just because his nerves were more sensitive to music, it affected him alone, but he noticed that the whole audience seemed to be influenced in the same way. A new style of orchestration and new instruments used in connection with it were the only explanations, he told me, for this strange phenomenon in music.

"I myself had an experience somewhat similar in Paris at the time of the premiere of Strauss' 'The Legend of Joseph.' There is a violin solo in it which illustrates musically a shower of gold. Closing my eyes, I felt the sound of the falling metal. It seems to me that impressions like these are obtained by loosening the nerves of the audience and consciously playing on them until that audience becomes sensitive and follows wherever the artist wishes.

"Now, the impressions which you gain in the presence of 'Dr. Caligari' and the methods by which they are attained are related closely to the esthetic processes which I have mentioned in music, processes which I feel are dominant in all the arts today. The means which the producers of this film have used to express insanity, terror, and fear have opened up the way to new forms and thoughts and conceptions and have given me new hope for the future of our experiments with the films.

"Of course, we must remember that the art of the photoplay is not yet in existence. Only the motion picture has been born. So far we have borrowed more or less from the stage and have overlooked the fact that spoken words, color, perspective and special relations are missing. We must develop the motion picture as an independent artistic expression, so individual and self-sufficient that we shall not feel the need of what we cannot have.

Until this is done, all our painstaking effort is wasted by trying to build on an imperfect foundation.

"In striving to become an art, the motion picture faces a peculiar difficulty. Art has always been aristocratic and exclusive. Each of the other arts has developed slowly and secretly behind closed doors and with only a few to watch and be satisfied. But this new art of the motion picture must be understood not by a few. It must talk the language and express the feelings of millions and it must grow and develop under their curious gaze. On account of these conditions, therefore, the realization of our dreams is likely to be considerably retarded.

"Before we can really advance we must have scenarios composed especially to be interpreted by this new medium of expression. At present, most of the motion picture studios are limited to the development of dramatic actions written for other purposes than the screen. We have to try to fit these novels and short stories and stage plays to our specialized conditions instead of doing the only sensible thing: the screening of screen dramas.

"In the short time that I have been connected with motion pictures, after the first period of natural resistance, I have found surprisingly quick response. I sent my whole staff to see 'Dr. Caligari' and then I called them all together—the directors, the technical experts and the stage hands—and I gave them a short lecture about it, telling them just what it meant to me and what vistas it seemed to open up for the profession in which they were engaged. You couldn't hear a restless motion in the course of the talk. No one lighted a cigaret. And when it was over, the whole crowd went out in twos and threes and more, earnestly discussing the problems and questions of art, probably for the first time in their lives.

"I feel that I have accomplished one thing this year: the awakening of an interest in art among my co-workers. The result is that they watch and try to do artistic things more than ever before. We have cut down the expenditure for rental of hit-or-miss properties and have increased correspondingly the cost of articles made in our own shops in keeping with the specific demands of our scenes. Our ability to attain these results has made this first year satisfactory to me.

"We no longer copy from the magazines. We compose our own actions. We observe the proportion of the moving figure in relation to its surroundings and we have begun to develop one thing which I think is even more important. We compose not only the picture but the movements in that picture. We are slowly trying to develop our own style of expression. It is hard work but extremely interesting, and a wonderful opportunity for an artist who loves to express himself in many channels."

Stendhal: Geometrical Don Juan

(Continued from page 45)

lived tremendously. He lived to the hilt. There were two Stendhals. One was Dionysian—that is, one of him was always at a carnival. The other was Apollonian. This one made copy out of everything. It was the Sphinx hidden behind his every mask. He made a fable of his pains and thought a chagrin worth while if it gave birth to an epigram.

At the moment of creation pain and pleasure are equilibrated. The aesthetic impulse is at bottom the impulse to the spectacular, the passion to rise above and beyond the world and one's self, to soar over life, to hover over the tragedy and comedy of one's nerves. The minds of most men are like those taverns with low ceilings, smoke clouded and soot laden from the fires and lamps of instinct. There is no escape from one's own hell.

The aesthetic and impersonal vision is non-existent in the average mind. The Stendhalian mind has a skylight at the top. In the azure beyond reigns the spectacular sense. Its magic is redemptive and Orphean. It lures all the bats and serpents from the hells of instinct and emotion—and they vanish in the ether of the blameless vision. It is the "immaculate perception" of Schopenhauer, which Nietzsche sneered at, but which Stendhal found to be the secret of life.

This spectacular sense is the artistic vision. It is the soul of the comic, the ironic. It is the enemy of sentimentality. With a glance it strips the body of Reality of the bandolets of affection. To feel one's self as another—this is the Stendhalian metaphysic. It is a sixth sense—the acroplanic sense. And in Stendhal's case his vision is pointed at the earth. His thought and his style are concrete. A white light beats on everything. There is no strain, no ornament, no rhetoric, no Baudelairean gargoyles or Dantean shivers. He is as bare as Ibsen. In his pages there are no images baked to a turn or cataleptic periods. He is rigid, precise, cold blooded.

He is a king in two kingdoms—life and thought. He could live and think, and do both simultaneously; but he never confounded his two personalities. Or if he did he masked the conflict under irony or paradox. His egotism, his vanity, his sureness of his superiority, his contempt for what anyone thought of him—these things were his poisoned poniards—poniards with which secretly he gashed his own vitals. Who among his few friends knew the infernos that kept forever belching and smoking behind that impassive exterior?

In some of his pages there are fissures in his style, quakings and tremblings on the cold surface of his logical formulas as if there might ensue at any time the explosion of a hell. But the fissures slowly close; the thinker and ob-

(Continued on page 77)

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The Tragic Comedian

(Continued from page 51)

work. Perhaps there is ego in this love of coming from my retreat and saying 'look, people, at what I have made.' Yes, it's the old human ego, I'm afraid."

Chaplin exhibited one curiously sensitive point, his greying hair. He put it up to his nerves and frankly hoped for a return to normal upon his recovery of health. But the grey strands clearly worried him. Right here Chaplin gave another odd insight into his philosophy of things, for this comedian is more than half a Hamlet.

"I have reconciled myself to an ultimate death which ends things," he said. "I am not saying that, if a doctor were to tell me tomorrow that death was immediate before me, I would not quake and tremble. I most certainly would. But to ultimate dissolution I am reconciled. What else is there? It is the human ego that wishes for continuation of life or personality—and therefore erects an illusion of religion to satisfy its wishes. If a surgeon should cut off your finger and then nonchalantly toss the bit into a basket, you would be more concerned over his attitude to this part of you than to the operation. There is the human ego epitomized. Humanity can not conceive of a loss of its individuality, its personality or whatever you call it. Such oblivion fills it with horror and fear. Hence comforting religious doctrines. I do not say there is complete annihilation. But there is an end to you as you.

"No," went on Chaplin, "I see life as a vital entity. Live every day. Seek out the beauty wherever it lies, be it a sunset, a fine bit of literature, a statue, a flower. Accept the pain, for it will lift the beauty to a higher ecstasy. Live today.

"Of course, the greatest—the only thing in the world is work. To me the highest peak of things comes when I hit upon an idea all alone in my solitude. If I speak of work in the usual sense, then I speak of something of which I have real hatred. I am essentially lazy. I hate the mental effort with which I must force myself to the point of work."

We found Chaplin reading H. G. Wells' "Outline of History," and a current issue of Frank Harris' monthly, *Pearson's*. Chaplin confessed that he had been reading but little recently. He had reached the point, he said, where even reading was labor. Thus it was that he had decided upon a vacation abroad before attempting another film play, which, by the way, he says will be a serious effort and not a farce.

Right here we might list some of the random Chaplin impressions.

He laughed at the mere thought that anything good can emanate from censorship. "The photoplay will go about in swaddling clothes until it can tell the truths of life," he commented. "Producers," he went on, "should find a way to

arouse the public to the menace of censorship."

He finds little relaxation in the theater. The efforts of the players to be entertaining bring him actual pain. There is nothing of conceit or pose in this. He suffers in direct ratio to their efforts. He had just been to the "Ziegfeld Follies" when we interviewed him and he confessed to an evening of actual suffering, save for two things, the fooling of Fannie Brice and the beauty of the girls.

Oddly and yet quite conceivably, he believes both the biggest reward and the biggest penalty of film success to be the adoration of the public. It eliminates freedom of movement, for vast crowds collect upon the recognition which is sure to come when films have been registering your visage upon three or four million retinas every night. It almost shuts off solitude. The Ritz hotel telephone rang every two minutes during our conversation; the ringings being everyone from a society leader to a Greenwich Village editor, from a prominent author to automobile salesman.

Like all moody, introspective people, Chaplin firmly declares he is neither. He decries interviews which paint him in this fashion and says the writers caught him in a despondent moment or failed to glimpse his other phases.

He has few intimates. Doug Fairbanks and Mary Pickford are actually his closest friends. Mary Pickford has told me of the way he has spent night after night at their home, when the shell he has erected about his sensitiveness falls away. Then his moroseness leaves him. He is a boon companion. Many are the pranks executed by Doug and Charlie. Once Charlie called up a certain public official, whispered "beware" into the receiver, and left that gentleman shuddering and minutely examining his past until the joke was explained to him. Chaplin thought it highly funny. So there is in the comedian a large measure of Puck.

While Chaplin did not definitely say he would or he wouldn't, we gathered that the months abroad will precede anything like another matrimonial trial. Indeed, we doubt if there is even the faintest idea of it in the Chaplin cerebellum. But then, there is the doubt, considering the aforementioned difficulties of human communication.

Such are the elements that make up the comedian. A man who has stealed himself to a death of oblivion, yet worries over grey hair; a thinker who has radical ideas upon world events, yet has struggled his way to success through the tortuous and devious way of slapstick farce; a philosopher who preaches the beauty of the rose and yet brought the world to his feet *via* misfit trousers and distorted shoes; an introspective Hamlet and a prankish Puck—indeed, a tragic comedian.

Dulcy and Lynn Fontanne

(Continued from page 25)

"Because I never repeat words. I repeat ideas," I replied smartly, remembering a second after that somebody had said the same thing somewhere in Balzac.

"I suppose I have ideas about everything," caught on Miss Fontanne. "That is the reason I like character work. I was first coached for the stage by Ellen Terry. But people told me I was a 'character,' so I stepped into character work. Laurette Taylor found me playing odd things in London and brought me over here to appear as a gawky girl in 'The Harp of Life.' Then I played a cockney bride in 'The Wooing of Eve.' Then a gabbling woman. But I always, no matter how humble my rôle, tried to put idea into it.

"I know my tastes are unusual, and my friends, especially those who are also on the stage, have often urged me to break away from character portrayals and try some serious parts, but I simply cannot make up my mind to take the step. In the first place, my successes, both in London and America, have been in parts that were distinctive characters. I love such rôles because they are so vitally human and natural.

"After all, in real life, we are more or less characters, in the strict sense of the word, for we all have our individual fads and fancies, whims and mannerisms. Some of us are pleasant and delightful characters, some are petty and mean, and some are queer and tiresome. If we were all alike, it would be a boring old world.

"It seems to me that it is the actor's first duty to portray life as it really is, and I get real pleasure out of creating new character parts, because I know that the prototype really exists somewhere in real life. If my audience recognizes and applauds my rôle, I know that I have done something worth while for the stage by bringing to it a character that actually exists. In other words, I am holding the mirror up to parts of themselves."

I tried to nibble some secrets out of Miss Fontanne's private life—what were her enthusiasms, her hobbies, her favorite sport, etc.

"I have," she averred, "no hobbies, no enthusiasms—except my passion for character creations—at all. Yes, one. My hobby is life, people, odd characters, individuals, satirical men, queer slants. People are books—except the bores. They are books, too, but they are books with blank pages and they have neither title nor index. They live on the prompter.

"I am a great walker. Rambling is quite English, you know. Swimming? I once swam to the bottom. When I was just going on the stage in London, I thought the greatest thing that could ever come to me would be to see a picture of myself in one of the illustrated London dailies, where a footman is opening the door of a taxi and I am stepping

in. Now that I can do that, I prefer to ride on your buses."

"Well," I evaporated verbally, "shall we call it an interview?"

Again the room-filling laughter, with the head thrown way back.

"An interviewer," she said, "is a burglar. Do as he wishes, and get rid of him politely."

And I went forth into Forty-second Street, feeling that Mere Man in the presence of Real Woman is a blur on the mundane landscape.

A Flapper With a Philosophy

(Continued from page 19)

"I think it is helpful," Francine said, "and I think it is wholesome. Also, I think it is well done. The girls in the first act do the most objectionable things and yet they were carefully cast so that they would not be, at any time, repulsive. That, of course, would have been bad psychology."

"I have had endless letters from girls telling me how much better they have felt for seeing it, and what pleases me still more is that several heads of girls' schools have come to see the performance, bringing the schools with them. That, I think, speaks pretty well for the play. It isn't a preachment, you see, it is simply the natural development of a girl given her heart's chance."

As I said, I don't know the technical definition of "flapper"—the chances are that "flapper" wouldn't have a technical definition but I do know, and I can state, with the authority of unastigmatic vision, the veracity of the scarlet head and the wise and good philosophy within.

Stendhal: Geometrical Don Juan

(Continued from page 75)

server dominate the pages once again. Balzac said that it was while carrying the cross of his vanity that he sweated irony. That is the greatest thing that will ever be said about the "style" of Stendhal.

Stendhal was the Euclid and the Epicurus of sensations, a reincarnation and blending of the geometrical soul of Spinoza and the incandescent soul of Don Juan.

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